

THE WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND

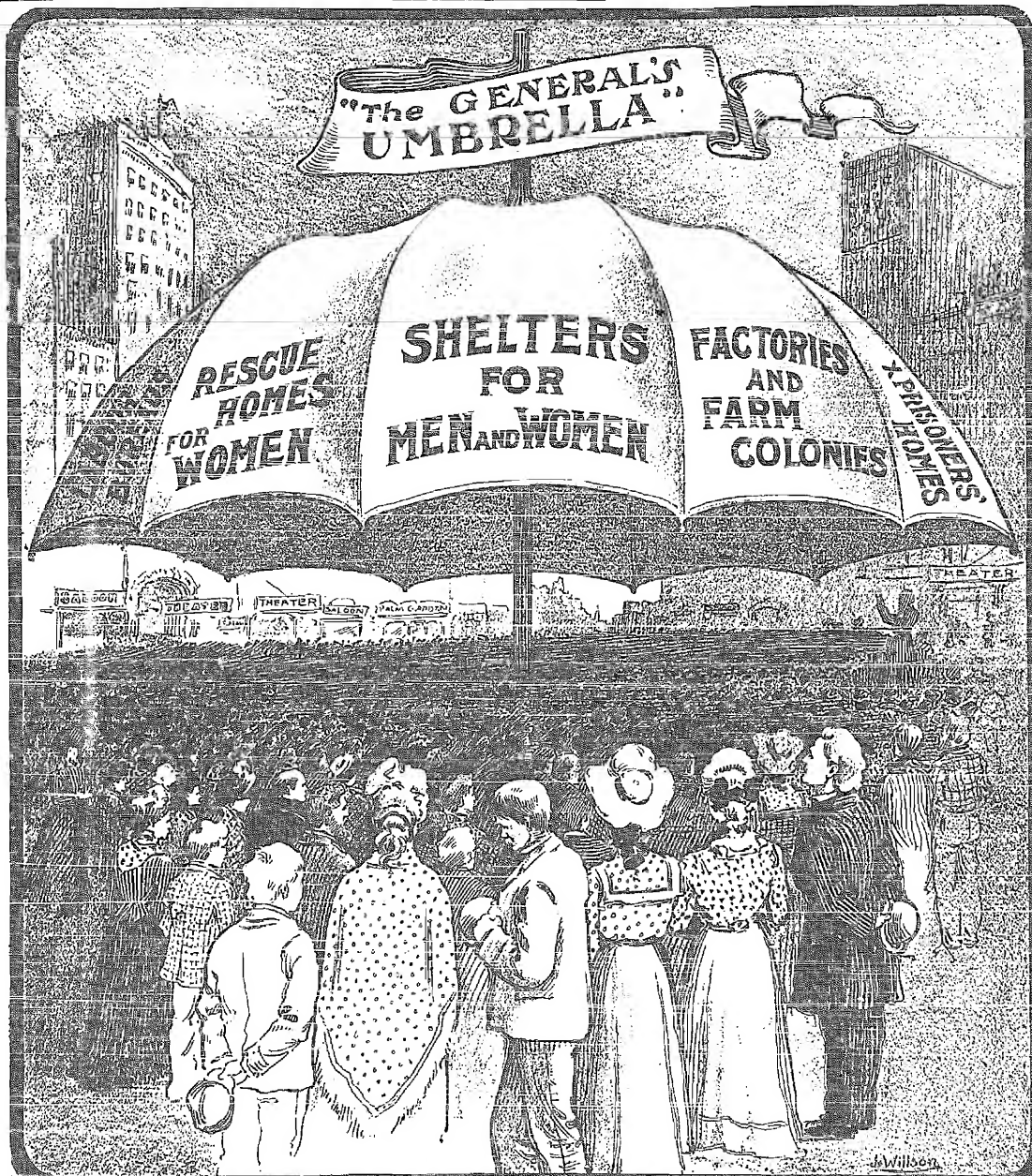
21st Year. No. 19.

WILLIAM BOOTH, General.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 4, 1905.

THOMAS B. COOMBS, Commissioner.

Price, 2 Cents.



"Addressing recently a large gathering in the St. John's-wood Presbyterian Church on the Social Work of the Salvation Army, Mrs. Bramwell Booth said that the root principle of their system was to help those in distress to help themselves, and the result was that they had over 600 institutions and enterprises engaged in the work, they could accommodate 27,000 homeless outcasts beneath 'the General's umbrella'—in other words, beneath the roofs of their various Homes—and those they helped provided two-thirds of their keep by their own efforts."—From a British Daily. (See also article on page 5.)

Incidents of Commissioner's Winnipeg Campaign.

SOME beautiful cases of conversion marked the campaign from beginning to end. Conviction laid hold of people's hearts, and melted many to tears. Oh, what scenes! Joy and sorrow intermingled! Sorrow over sin, misspent lives, lost opportunities, ugly blot-stains on many a page, spoiling, marring, blighting, and cursing new beginnings in this country.

But the ringing note throughout every meeting was this—

"Break down every idol,
Cast out every foe."

And God has done it again and again, as intelligent men and women, many above the average even, knelt at His feet, confessed their sins, and sought salvation.

Some have owned that pride was their curse; others temper; others private uncleanness; others the smoking habit, and many, many more the awful drink snare. But, bless God, strong as is the power of the drink-hend, greater far and more mighty is the omnipotent power of our Almighty God!

Do we believe it? If so, we shall see greater triumphs yet. Oh, for more faith!

After a Great Fall.

A young man of good family, until recently in a leading position in one of the largest flour mills of the Dominion, had lost all through the twin demons of drink and gambling. After a frightful period of debauchery he found himself stranded; practically penniless. Awakening to his awful plight he asked himself:

"What am I to do?" and the thought came, "Go and hear Commissioner Coombs at the Army."

He came. The burning words from Commissioner fell into his very heart like a heaven-sent message, and then and there he knelt at the mercy seat. Poured out his soul in penitence before God. Salvation, full, present, and free, was given on the spot, and later on at a subsequent meeting he returned to make good his promise to God and the Army by taking his stand and testifying with thanksgiving what great things the Lord had done for him.

Many from the Old Land.

Quite a number of penitents were from the Old Land. Many had come to better themselves. Had been converted in earlier days, but amid the temptations and besetments of the new life, had got away from God, left the fold, and miserably backslidden.

Commissioner's name awoke old memories of past fighting days, and the sight of him did so still further.

Oh, how his heart-stirring appeals touched them! Thank God it did not end there.

Many returned to their Saviour and to the Army.

Beautiful signs were witnessed at the mercy seat.

Husbands sending for their wives, and kneeling together to reconsecrate themselves to God.

Others registering their promises with the Recording Angel to make restitution for wrongs done.

Some even there and then sought out those they had wronged, confessed it all, and wept together at the mercy seat.

Such hallowed scenes and sacred influences have not been witnessed or felt for many a year in the West.

One gentleman in the audience said he heard the very words of God Himself in our dear Commissioner's utterances.

Is there a Drunkard Here?

A business man of the city was formerly an active and devoted Christian worker in the Old Land.

Carried away by the great possibilities for money making in this vast Western country,

he had fallen a victim to the appetite for strong drink.

Inspired by the Holy Spirit, Commissioner asked if in that meeting there was a drunkard. "Yes," said this man, "I am one."

Commissioner then asked for those who felt they were "without hope" to rise to their feet.

He did so, and coming forward to the mercy seat then and there found a God abundantly willing to pardon, and promised never again to touch the cursed liquor.

Cursed by Whiskey.

Another poor drunkard sat with tears running down his cheeks whilst Commissioner was describing the awful effects of this sin. What a power the whiskey crave has over men. They will go to any lengths to get it, and even though they know its damning effect, and the terrible consequences of disobeying God, will still keep on drinking it to their own ruin.

This man was moved to his very innermost soul on account of his own wickedness. God's Spirit had mightily taken hold of him.

No sooner was the invitation given than out he came, and with broken heart cried to God for deliverance and pardon.

Then, pulling out of his pocket a bottle of whiskey, he laid it on the penitent form, and while the officers were pouring away the cursed stuff down the sewer, God, even our God, was freeing him from the chains of his appetite, washing away his many, many sins, drying his tears, setting him at liberty, and writing his name in the Lamb's Book of Life.

With what interest we watched another dear man at the mercy seat ransacking his pockets for the idols which represented his fetters. How earnestly he searched, until at last out they came—tobacco and pipes—and then, almost ashamed to lay them on the penitent form, so loathsome did the accursed things appear in the light of a hindrance to soul experience, he cast them under the form, and threw himself on the never-failing mercy of God for absolute deliverance.

How difficult it is to understand why men are willing to be so easily mastered by such contemptible things, instead of themselves being master of their own appetites by the power of God!

"Be ye clean that bear the vessels of the Lord." Oh, that we may serve God with clean hands, clean lips, and pure hearts!

A Touching Sight.

A young man, evidently far gone on the road that leads to death, was brought under powerful conviction.

He came to the mercy seat. Struggling for some considerable time, it seemed as though his prayers did not reach the ear of God. The devil of doubt hindered him.

He could not get clear and cast himself on the all-atoning Christ.

At length a much older man than he came and poured out his soul to God on his behalf. Throwing his arms round the penitent's neck, he sought to advise, cheer, and speak words of sympathy and love in his ears.

Very soon the seeker was enabled to cast off every shade of doubt and fear, and with earnest, believing prayer, commit himself entirely to his Saviour.

Then the relationship of the two men was made known. They were brothers, and only a short time since the elder one had himself been short time since the elder one had been snatched from the snares and foils of the devil, and been converted into a King's son!

How grand it was to see them now, locked in each other's embrace, the elder helping the younger into the Kingdom of God!

Marched Down from the Gallery.

It was a brave thing to do. The Opera House was full. Intense interest had been aroused, deep conviction had settled on the people. A young man sitting away on the back seat in the top gallery boldly marched all the way down, and before the assembled

crowd gave himself to God. How glad I was to see him coming. What courage it must have taken, but what a victory! It not only helped him, but acted as a lead for others. Glory to God for volunteers for Jesus!

Cry to God that we may have more of them.

Would Rather Go to Hell.

"I would rather go to hell than confess my sin." Thus said a man in one of the Commissioner's western meetings. "I want to go and get saved. The Spirit has been striving with me, the message has moved my heart, but I cannot be saved unless I make a horrid confession, and, sir, I would rather go to hell," and away he went carrying with him his load of guilt, and adding another link to the chain which is binding him to his sins, and dragging him to the pit. Sin must be confessed before it can be forgiven, but "if we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive."

Christ the Revealer of Sin.

"I am the Light of the world."—John viii. 12.

When Jesus is spoken of as the Light of the world, the first thought is that He is so called because He lights our pathway to heaven; but as the Light of the world He has another mission, and this other mission is to reveal sin in the human hearts.

The nature of light is to reveal those things which darkness has hidden. Sometimes an object may appear beautiful until it is brought out into the clear light of day; then its faults are revealed, and it may be found to be far from beautiful. It is the same with Christ and the human soul. As long as the soul abides in the darkness of sin it is unable to discern its own defects, but when it advances into the light of God it quickens, becomes conscious of the dark stains of sin which rest upon it. The sinner does not realize that he is a sinner until the divine light streams into his soul and gives him a revelation of the depths of dignity that lie hidden there. Pride, selfishness, and hatred are seen in all their hideousness as they stand face to face with their divine counter-attributes, namely, the humility, the self-sacrifice, and the everlasting love of Jesus.

It may, however, be said that souls are, in some slight measure, conscious of sin before they come to Christ. Yet the clear radiance which emanates from Him will make still greater revelations of evil within. A case in point is that of the young ruler. He was morally upright, yet he felt that he lacked some good thing, so he came to Jesus to ask what it was he lacked; and when the current of divine light was turned on the young ruler's soul, there was revealed the sin of idolatry, which had been hidden away in the depths of his heart, for he loved his earthly possessions more than he loved God. He had not known it, but he had been setting up an idol in his heart, and this was revealed to him as he stood before the Light of the world. Beneath the brilliancy of those penetrating rays no sin could remain hidden.

And that Light is the same to-day as of old. It has lost none of its revealing power. If we come close to its divine centre, its rays will shine through and through our souls, penetrating to every part of our spiritual being. In giving us such a revelation of ourselves, Christ has a great purpose in view, and that purpose is not that we should spend our lives in a hopeless struggle against unconquered sins, but His purpose in showing us the villainess of our natures is to create within us a longing for heart-purity, and He is prepared to satisfy that longing on condition that we walk in the light as He is in the light, despised and rejected, crucified, if need be, while carrying our His commands. Then we shall know for ourselves that "the blood of Jesus cleanseth us," not from a few of our sins, leaving us to struggle on against the rest, but "cleanseth us from all sin," and cleanseth continually, for, of a truth, "sin can find no hiding-place," no, nor abiding-place, "in the light of God."

—Elsie M. Graham.

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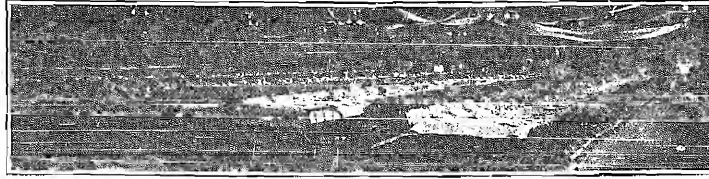
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Spokane's Christmas Relief.

Army Feeds 2,700 People—Basket Dinners
Provided 2,000 and 700 Others Were Fed
At Elks' Temple—Thousands of
Articles of Clothing Distributed.



Beneath pretty decorations of yellow, red, and blue, the Army colors, a large corps of Salvation Army officers, under the direction of Brigadier and Mrs. McMillan, were busy early this morning, preparing the long tables for the Christmas dinner served for men, women, and children. Arranged on the four long tables, one hundred feet long, was a tempting array of candy, nuts, oranges, apples, and celery, and at intervals were large bouquets of cut flowers and potted plants.



In the kitchen were other workers, preparing the meats, and veg. tables, and pies, soon to be served in the great dinner.

Most Pathetic Sight.

Outside there were hundreds of men, women, and children, jostling for a place near the door in order to be among the first admitted, but once inside, the great crowd maintained the best of order. At the door stood Brigadier McMillan, who greeted each person as they came in with a word of good cheer, some of whom might have been otherwise friendless, as they filed into the great Temple.

There were men—young, middle-aged, and old—but the most pathetic sight was the women and children. Many a mother was present followed by two or three children, and here and there, perhaps, a little girl leading a younger sister or brother, on whom they waited before satisfying their own hunger.

Hundreds Want Work.

Musical selections by the corps band, accompanied by the piano, added to the enjoyment while the crowd was being seated.

"What is the principal cause for the men being in this condition?" was asked of Brigadier McMillan, who replied: "A large part of them come to this through sickness and misfortune, and many are reduced to this condition by drunkenness and gambling. We could find 1,000 men who are willing and able to work, if we could find employment for them. Men come to our Haven wood yard to get work who are glad to cut wood to get enough money to procure a good meal."

The First Sitting.

About 400 were seated for the first serving, and more than that number were waiting outside for admittance when there would be room. It is estimated that fully more than 700 were served dinner. It was most gratifying to witness the gratefulness of those who had had their dinner as they filed out and

spoke their words of thanks to the Brigadier.

In the evening, at the Elks' Temple, there was a program consisting of songs, music, recitations, and living tableaux, representing the different departments of the Army work. The Temple was crowded, and it was acknowledged by all present it was the biggest day the Army had had in its history in Spokane.—W. D. B.

The Basket Dinners.

Unable to speak a word of English, but simply pointing her finger tremblingly toward heaven, to express her thanks, a poor widow, who has a family of six little children dependent upon her for support, received one of the baskets from the Salvation Army Relief Department and Christmas cheer for the worthy poor. The woman burst into tears at the sight of the Adjutant in blue (Mrs. Adj. Stole, who bore the basket), walked the floor, clasping her hands and brokenly uttering thanks in her native tongue.

This was but one of a dozen such incidents we saw to-day," said Brigadier McMillan. "In all the years I have labored with the slums and poor, I have never seen people so grateful as those who crowded our Relief Department on Spokane Ave. to-day for the Christmas baskets we had prepared for them. I am satisfied that 2,000 people were fed in the 500 baskets we gave out."

"For Me and Kate."

It was no uncommon thing to see mothers carrying babies in arms and escorting a train of from six to eight small children, coming for baskets. One tottering old man, who must have been seventy-five years old, accompanied by a grey-haired wife, who looked even older, asked if he could have a basket "for me and my Kate."

One hundred and fifty baskets were sent out to the sick persons in wagons. In many of the homes were the most pitiable scenes of poverty and squalor. A consumptive lady lay in a cot eking out the existence which must soon be cut short for her, surrounded by a family of three little children. The husband was dead. As the children opened the basket and poured out the toys and candies on the floor, clapping their little hands, they cried, "Oh, see the toys Santa Claus brought us, mamma. Now you'll get well. Just look!"

Another widow, with six children, was living in a little tumbledown shack. The sleeping-room measured 9x6, where the family of seven all huddled down to rest at night. The kitchen was scarcely three-fourths as large. You may imagine for yourself what it would mean to carry a basket of good things into a home like that.

GREEN BANANAS.

"They should be yellow," the Frenchman said,

"The green are not good to eat;
They've brought 'em across the sea too young,
They'll never be soft and sweet!
Where is the color to come from now?
And where is the sweetness, too?
I understand theology,
So they can't fool me, like you."

But, in the fulness of time, he saw

The bunch that was once so green
Turn as yellow, and soft, and sweet,
As any he'd ever seen!
Who, but the Lord, had brought it about?
I'd certainly like to ask;
Although there are some so wise that you
Can hardly take them to task.

In a similar way there are to-day

In every land to be seen
Men, and women, and children, too,
Just like the banana—green.
Some of them will be "fit" by-and-by.
And many, no doubt, be good;
For the sinners would not be so bad,
If the saints were what they should.

W. R. Phillips, Adjt.

A MOUNTAIN OF BOOTS.

The Boot Department of the Trade Headquarters, London, Eng., is not by any means the least important of the many operations carried on at Kentish Town, and it has recently demonstrated its ability to cope with an order to supply not only a regiment or a battalion, but a whole army corps, with footwear.

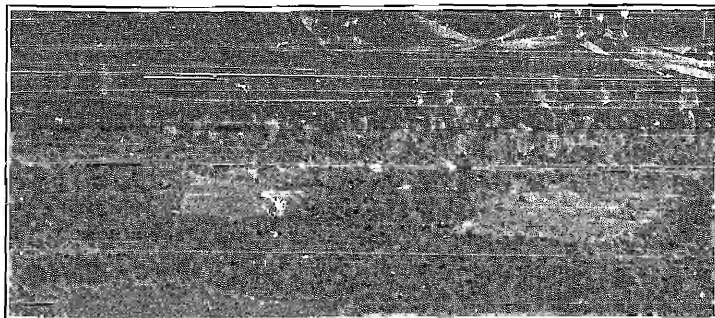
The editor of the Evening News recently conceived the idea of providing boots for the thousands of barefooted children attending the schools in London. He turned to the Salvation Army as being the best agency for undertaking the distribution of these thousands of blessings to the shivering little ones.

It was a large order to supply twenty-two thousand pairs of boots of all sizes. Nevertheless, with characteristic energy, the matter was taken in hand. Manufacturers were seen both in Northampton and in the West of England, and contracts were entered into for a particular kind of boot, to be all leather, and to contain no brown paper or cardboard. This necessitated the laying down of fresh plant and making of new lasts, and as time was everything, every means was used to ensure early delivery of the boots.

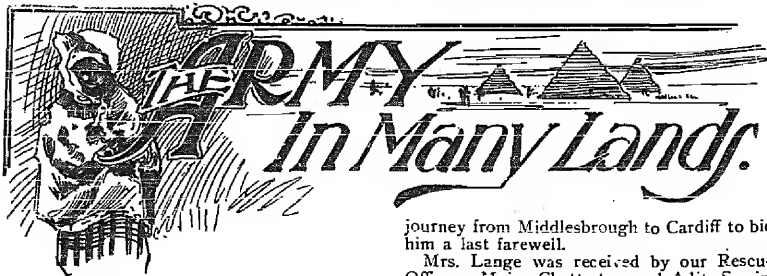
One large floor of a huge warehouse was set apart for the packing, and here a number of willing hands were kept busy until far into the night, packing and despatching the parcels.

FILLING A HARD PLACE.

"She is filling a hard place with dignity," said one, speaking of a humble woman. Not a high place, but a hard one, which is a far more difficult thing. It was one of those positions where petty slights, humiliations, misunderstandings, and hardships must be endured, but she was bearing herself with such gentle quietness and dignity that her circumstances only surrounded her; they did not enter into her nature to warp and embitter. To so dignify a hard place as to make it seem noble could only be done by one who recognized and revered the power that appointed it.



Spokane Christmas Dinner for the Poor.



BRITISH STAFF CHANGES.

Colonel Whatmore, who for the past three years has ably filled the Provincial Commandership of West England, has been appointed Assistant Field Secretary.

Lieut.-Colonel Lucas, from the North England Province, follows Colonel Whatmore in the command of West England.

A new department has been created for young people's work, in charge of Lieut.-Colonel Tait, assisted by Staff-Capt. Trounce.

Brigadier Spooner succeeds Lieut.-Colonel Tait, as Provincial Young People's Secretary for North London Province.

Lieut.-Colonel Emerson, of Bristol, is appointed Provincial Secretary for North London Province, under Colonel Rothwell, while Brigadier Byers of the National Headquarters, takes the Provincial Secretaryship of the Western Province under Lieut.-Colonel Lucas.

BREVITIES FROM SOUTH AFRICA.

Distress among the unemployed at Cape Town is increasing. The number of men daily fed at the Army's soup-kitchen has risen to 1,380.

A young couple in Cape Colony, being anxious to signalize the advent of their first-born, sent a sovereign to the Social Funds.

The new leaders have been greeted heartily by our comrades in South Africa.

The Metropolitan Hall and the Opera House, Cape Town, were the scenes of great welcome meetings on the arrival of Acting-Commissioner and Mrs. Richards in South Africa.

Lieut.-Colonel Johnston, who has been appointed to the command of the Rhodesian Province, has safely reached Salisbury, Mashonaland, after his long journey from England. He will shortly remove to the Mazoe Valley.

The poor of Cape Town were given a Christmas dinner by the Salvation Army. This was largely attended.

ENTERPRISING SOLDIERS.

Brigadier Duse, while on a tour in Japan, visited a village at which there was an Army outpost. There were only three soldiers in the place, but two of them took the theatre for the Brigadier's visit, raised the money to pay for it, and wrote out and posted announcements of the meeting all over the village. The result was a good open-air meeting, and the theatre crowded. More than 500 people were present, manifesting a keen interest in the Army's work.

"IN PRISON, AND YE CAME UNTO ME."

A German named Eric Lange, who had lived at Middlesbrough, was executed in Cardiff Prison for the murder of Mr. Emlyn Jones, proprietor of the Bridgend Hotel, Pen-tre. The wife of the condemned man, with his three younger children, took the long

journey from Middlesbrough to Cardiff to bid him a last farewell.

Mrs. Lange was received by our Rescue Officers, Major Chatterton and Adj. Swain, who both accompanied the unhappy woman on two occasions to the prison.

On the occasion of the first visit a great crowd waited outside the jail, whose curiosity so distressed the poor woman that, to avoid a repetition of such a scene, Major Chatterton ordered a cab, in which they were driven to the prison for the last farewell.

This final interview took place in one of the warder's rooms, whither Lange was conducted from the condemned cell by two of the prison officers. The children readily recognized their father, but they are fortunately too young to realize the tragic solemnity of the event in which they were taking part. They were informed that they would not see their father again on earth, and Lange wept copiously when he kissed each of them for the last time. Mrs. Lange was terribly affected by the painful ordeal, and when she finally embraced her husband she broke down en-



Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Gilmore and Family, In charge of our work in New Zealand.

tirely. The convict bore up as well as could be expected, but he, too, was considerably upset, and was led from the room to the condemned cell in tears.

Mrs. Lange and her children were afterwards driven back to the Rescue Home, where every possible attention was shown them by the officers.

A HARDY PEDESTRIAN.

Sergt. Mrs. Hardy, of Armidale, N.S.W., has been a Salvationist for eighteen years. She travels around the district annually in the interests of Sol-Denial. This time Sister Hardy raised \$110. Our comrade traveled over 500 miles. The people treated her with much kindness.

UNEMPLOYED AT HADLEIGH.

Mr. Walter Long's Central Committee have, we understand, arranged to send 200 unemployed men to our Hadleigh Industrial Colony almost immediately. Indeed, the first batch of sixty men have arrived, and the remaining 140 will be despatched in the course of a few days. The General's proposal to take a further 800 men and employ them during the winter months upon the same terms and conditions as last year—and which, we may add, proved so successful—is now under consideration by the committee. We are glad to note that the

Committee is so energetically tackling the problem of the "out-of-works," the solution of which becomes no easier as winter advances.

BERLIN STIRRED.

The city of Berlin has been greatly stirred by the Army funeral accorded Ensign Rammin, Editor of the Young Soldier, who was suddenly promoted to Glory.

The procession, including a band and hundreds of soldiers, marched through the city to the cemetery, where a touching service was conducted at the graveside by Commissioner Oliphant. The police rendered assistance.

At night separate memorial services were arranged, twenty of them being held simultaneously. Many souls came to the mercy seat.

SHORT PARS FROM AUSTRALASIA.

New premises have just been purchased for the Hobart Rescue Home, Tasmania, at a cost of \$5,500.

The next contingent of Cadets to enter the Federal Garrison, Melbourne, Aus., will spend a full ten months in training.

At an isolated gold-mining camp, called Nyng, the miners have built the Army a nice little hall, made of young trees and thatched with grass.

Brigadier Leigh, who has just completed a record of seventeen years' continuous service at the Australian Headquarters, is appointed Educational Officer at the Federal Training Garrison.

During a recent soul-saving tour in Victoria, Brig. Glover put up at a house where he was shown a Bible bearing the following imprint on its title page: Imprinted at London by the Deputies of Christopher Barker, printer to the Queenes most excellent majestie, 1599.

FIFTY NEW SOLDIERS.

Lieut.-Colonel Sukh Singh recently conducted a soul-saving campaign around Trivandran. In one day he enrolled fifty new soldiers.

SWISS NEWS.

Two new corps were opened in Switzerland during December, one at Zurich (being the fourth in that city), and the other at Andelfingen.

Both were attended with good success and the evidence of God's favor in the salvation of five souls. The hall at Zurich, which is right in the heart of the city, was prepared for the Army by a grateful landlord, who, with all his family, received much spiritual blessing in earlier days of the Army's history at Zurich.

Commissioner McAlonan is hoping to open yet another much-needed barracks shortly in one of the other great Swiss cities.

Let us pray that God may send showers of blessing upon the Army in Switzerland.

SAVED IN A RAILWAY CARRIAGE.

In connection with the Welsh revival one of our officers was the means of leading three sinners to Christ in a railway carriage. We understand that an officers is to be appointed as a railway missionary. He will attack passengers carriage by carriage, like the familiar musician.

A BIG CONCERN.

The Salvation Army Assurance Society, operating in England, has now 350,000 policy-holders and 1,700 agents. For the year ending June, 1904, the premium income amounted to \$784,555, an increase of \$100,000 over the amount received for the preceding year.

HOW T

LAST week we saw how a true revival, born of God, can be nurtured and how a true revival can be nurtured.

Do not let us lose character of a revival that it may affect the whole corps will be as individual men. In other words, if in your midst, you lived yourself.

That is not only desirable, but not only desirable, but not only desirable, but not only desirable.

Supposing, then, has come to its birth. It was born of the Spirit, real prayer and every lives. It is, in fact, made of you, in a future.

And as the Spirit is able and delicate existence, the spirit is keenly sensitive to

The Spirit

He can be slighted, can be disobeyed. A moment, continued in entreaty, will cause the soul, and the fruitful in good work and dried-up soul, "name to live."

We have all seen which have illustrated, how we have in fruitfulness, and the tion which once those individuals.

And yet, although been given us in evidence of so many wretched again and Spirit-life in our midst, the essence of a revival.

The Battle

The enemy of our opponent to the revival.

By all means in chili it, bias it, in. It may be he will be he will whisperously.

One of his most courage, fair, sisters of unbelief.

Or it may be the soul, and by some of moderation, he and having brought watch-tower leave on in the bondage.

He oftentimes gets body. This is what told his younger he found it necessary.

"To Keep"

Human nature over, and no one student of human the devil.

Many a man has and of his ability time, who, never come the slave to or lust.

Alas! for the men and women and blood, and appetites, or passions.

It was only a silver, and a wedge of battle and victory the enemy's camp won in glorious spied them, envied hid them low in over their happy.

But what happy

HOW TO MAINTAIN A REVIVAL.

LAST week we strove to show how a revival, born of the Spirit of God, must be nurtured and fed by the same, and it is now our desire to demonstrate further how a true revival can be maintained.

Do not let us lose sight of the individual character of a revival in our earnest desire that it may affect the whole community. The whole corps will be revived only in the measure as individual members partake of it.

In other words, if you want a revival started in your midst, you must begin by being revived yourself.

That is not only desirable, but indispensable—not only desirable, but sweetly and yet grandly possible.

Supposing, then, that the glorious revival has come to its birth in your heart and life. It was born of the Spirit—it came after much real prayer and even agony of desire, and now it lives. It is, in fact, a new life, and it has made of you, in a very real sense, a new creature.

And as the Spirit is intensely more susceptible and delicate than the merely physical existence, the spirit-life born anew in you is keenly sensitive to every foreign influence.

The Spirit Can be Grieved.

He can be slighted. He can be insulted. He can be disobeyed. And such a course of treatment, continued in against both warning and entreaty, will cause Him to withdraw from the soul, and the once happy, red-hot soldier, fruitful in good works, will become a parched and dried-up soul, with little more than the "name to live."

We have all seen instances, alas! alas! which have illustrated this in actual life. And oh, how we have missed the old-time joy and fruitfulness, and the spirit of love and devotion which once charmed and attracted us in those individuals.

And yet, although such object-lessons have been given us in every Christian age, as landmarks of solemn warning, need we to be reminded again and again how sensitive is the Spirit-life in our midst—the very author and essence of a revival?

The Bitterest Opponent.

The enemy of our souls is the bitterest opponent to the revival spirit.

By all means in his power, he will strive to chill it, bias it, freeze it, or wither it.

It may be he will try to sow discord; it may be he will whisper discontent, envy, or jealousy.

One of his most successful weapons is discouragement, faint-heartedness—the twin sisters of unbelief.

Or it may be he will attack the individual soul, and by some luxury, ease, sloth, or lack of moderation, he will get the upper hand, and having brought the soul down from its watch-tower leave it in a desert of distress, on in the bondage of some enslaving habit.

He oftentimes gets at the soul through the body. This is why the veteran soldier, Paul, told his younger brethren in the fight that he found it necessary

"To Keep His Body Under."

Human nature is the same all the world over, and no one has been a more persistent student of human nature than our arch enemy, the devil.

Many a man has boasted of his strength, and of his ability to say "No" at the right time, who, nevertheless, has afterwards become the slave to some evil appetite, tendency, or lust.

Alas! for the revival spirit amongst us once men and women begin to consult with flesh and blood, and give way to their own fleshy appetites, or passions.

It was only a Babylonish garment, and some silver, and a wedge of gold. But in the hour of battle and victory, when actually spoiling the enemy's camp, and standing upon ground won in glorious courage and faith, Achan spied them, envied them, appropriated them, hid them low in his tent, and gloated secretly over their happy possession.

But what happened?

The Tide of Victory was Turned.

The very shout of triumph died in the air, and when, next day, Israel faced her Lord's enemy's again, she was overpowered, and had to flee discomfited, leaving many slain behind her. And the glorious work of God, the onward victorious march of His armies was impeded, hindered, delayed, and God's name brought into derision amidst His foes.

God cannot bless while He is being disobeyed, and so in front of all the assembled fighting force, God's finger points out the one man whose sin has stayed the plan and purpose of God, and held back the blessing.

Oh, comrade, if it is you that are

Dabbling with that Forbidden Thing.

into whose soul has entered the bitter, burning flame of covetousness, or the greed for gold and silver, which is ruining men by the thousand, I pray you get down upon your knees, and in deep humiliation before God, put away the evil from your life, and seek His pardon and cleansing. Little perhaps have you realized that it may be your sin which is at the bottom of the lack of revival fire in your midst, and actually keeping souls from being saved at your corps. Think now of the responsibility of being a veritable load-stone to the Gospel chariot, hindering its progress,

"I Lead a Revolution."

The Declaration was Made by the General at the Opening of a New Food and Shelter Depot in London.

(From the London Daily Chronicle, Friday, January 13th.)

It seems a far cry from Whistler to General Booth, but the memory of the one and the mission of the other were brought into a strange relationship yesterday afternoon at Millbank, when the Salvation Army's grand old General opened a new Shelter there.

The new Shelter has no fewer than 450 beds in it, and it has been "converted" in every sense of the word, out of some old cement works that once stood by the riverside, just beyond the Houses of Parliament. It stands, in fact, in the very heart of the district: whose tumbledown nooks and corners Whistler immortalized, and even, under present conditions, there is a wonderful picturesqueness about the Shelter itself.

So far as spiritual matters are concerned, the Shelter is quite a model place of its kind. The rooms are beautifully clean and airy; the beds, with their mattresses of sea-weed covered with American cloth, are all on springs, with cosy-looking frames of wood and iron. They are to be let for 2d. a night, the Shelter being open from six o'clock each night until eight o'clock next morning.

As regards food, both breakfast and supper will be given for an extra 2d.—1d. each—and capital fare it is, to judge from the model meals exhibited yesterday. Either meal consists of a pint of tea and a huge hunk of bread and jam or bread and butter, or—what is most in favor—a good solid slice of the simple currant pudding commonly known as "spotted Dick." Among the Salvation Army's guests this delicacy goes by the name of "Abide with me." The significance of the title hardly needs to be explained.

The wonderful figure of the General dominated the opening ceremony in the meeting hall, as he stood, still full of fire and enthusiasm, with the sunset light streaming in upon his tall, spare figure, with snow-white hair and beard. The little hall itself seemed transformed into very much more than a collection of crude new benches, within bare iron walls.

"I lead a revolution!" the old warrior said in one of his characteristic outbursts, and one doubted if the great arch of Westminster Hall itself has echoed to many phrases more nobly spoken.

For the most part, however, the General was frankly practical. He had a quite amazingly distinguished audience in front of him.

Locking its way, keeping back blessing and salvation from scores of men and homes—aye, worse, even becoming a rock of offence over which poor mortals are blindly stumbling into the caverns of dark despair and perdition.

Better Ten Thousand Times

that you should confess and get right now, than wait for God's penetrating judgment fire to search it out, and precipitate you, with the souls you have ruined through your example and influence, into an unquenchable hell.

What an awful day of revelation there will be when the causes of the spiritual death and famine at some places are singled out, shown up, and brought to book before an assembled world, and the righteous Judge.

No less frightful will it be for those whose covered sins have stayed the conquest of God's people in the salvation of souls, and quenched revival fires.

Such, then, are the dangers against which we must arm ourselves, if we truly desire to maintain the spirit of revival amongst us.

Let us walk by faith, holding on with both hands to our blessed risen Saviour.

By prayer we shall conquer. By watchfulness we shall guard against the devices of the enemy. By simple and constant trust we shall keep the channels of blessing unclogged, and God will be glorified and souls will be swept into the Kingdom.—C. B. T.

It included not only Lord and Lady Chylesmore, in their capacities as Mayor and Mayoress of Westminster, but Nina Lady Seafeld, Lady Seymour, and, in particular, Mr. George Herring, who has defrayed all the expenses of constructing the Shelter—some £3600 in all.

Lecturing the Rich.

Making the best of his opportunity the General boldly "pounded into" his well-to-do hearers the plain facts of S. A. work.

He told them how, this very winter, the Salvation Army has given away no fewer than 116,189 meals at its Wych Street and Whitechapel midnight soup kitchens, 7,890 free breakfasts to dockers at Canning Town and Poplar, and over 6,000 free Sunday morning breakfasts at Blackfriars Road. He told how, in the same space of time, 291,000 beds had been supplied to homeless men, and how labor had been created by the collecting and selling of 7,500 tons of waste paper from the London streets, and the chopping and binding of 3,360,000 bundles of firewood. This was the using of "London's waste for London's want!"

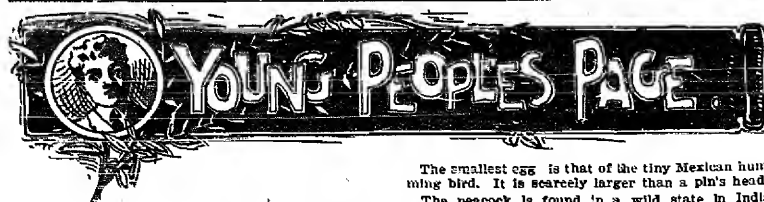
Although General Booth confessed that just now his "heart was full of emigration," he kept more or less close to the Army's more immediate work among the homeless wanderers of the streets at night. He calculated that there were in all some 2,000 men and women every night who had no bed or shelter of any kind.

"It is useless to say," he declared, "that it is doing them harm to help them. What does it matter if they have brought it upon themselves? It is not so with all of them. Many are old, and crippled, and diseased, and imbecile. But even if they are thieves and loafers, would you have them in agony? There they are—that is all we know—and it is our duty to do what we can for them.

"As for argument—do you argue when there is a fire? No, you go and rescue whom you can. Think of it! This very morning in the icy cold, a thousand wanderers came out of the streets to each of our soup kitchens! Would they stay in the gutter at two o'clock in the morning if they were not starving?"

In this practical, dramatic fashion the old General fired his hearers with something of his own enthusiasm. Salvation hymns and solos did the rest.

If, indeed, conviction of the value of Millbank Shelter were needed, it might have been found in the simple fact as the well-dressed company streamed out of the gateway they encountered a long row of poor, ragged, homeless fellows waiting already to pay their fourpence for the Army's bed of sea-weed and slice of "Abide with me."



INTERESTING INFORMATION ABOUT OCEAN LINERS.

The Education of the Navigator.

The life of a sailor has always been peculiar from the fact that the fewest possible opportunities for advancement were available. A man who has been shipped before the mast has been doomed hitherto to occupy a subordinate position, as long as he follows the sea; such promotions as were possible to him being dependent rather upon his reliability and other good traits than his knowledge of his theory and practice of navigation. Nor could he obtain the instruction necessary to qualify him for a promotion from the forecastle without interrupting the calling by which he earned his livelihood and attending some school ashore. Thus it is that many a man, having the natural capacities for the highest positions, had but a corresponding degree of education, has remained a common seaman his life through, and ended his days in the shelter of a snug harbor. Of course, in order to become an officer on shipboard, a man must be educated to a high degree; in other words, he must be a navigator, thoroughly familiar with several branches of the higher mathematics, including astronomy, and an expert in the use of ship's instruments. These subjects, difficult even to trained minds, present an almost hopeless situation to the general run of seamen, whose education has probably been limited to the three R's of the common school.

For seamen, as well as for sailors in any other sphere, industry alone determines the limits of advancement. No better opportunities were ever afforded an ambitious seaman than are afforded at the present day, when the awakening activity is founding and carrying out extensive merchant marine, as well as the numerous desirous positions made available by the creation of the National Naval Reserve Corps, have produced a large and constant demand for well-equipped navigators from every branch of the naval service and from merchant vessels. Furthermore, a career in the United States Navy, for example, is opened to competent enlisted men by the Act of Congress, authorizing the appointment of the candidates yearly on successful competitive examination. In obtaining such an appointment, the successful candidate is in line for further promotion.

In order to acquire the knowledge essential to promotion, many young men enroll as apprentices or cadets in the merchant marine, hoping to benefit by their instruction from their superior officers in the mysteries of navigation. This method has, however, proved none too rapid in the majority of cases, since, unless specially paid for the teaching, few officers are willing to devote the time that would be required for the work. The apprentice is thus little better advantaged, except for occasional suggestions and explanations, than the man who essays to struggle single-handed with the mysteries of logarithms, trigonometry, and nautical astronomy. Few bodies, moreover, are calculated to the supervision of a competent instructor. The same conditions apply to men in the lake and coast service, in the navy and in the service of the Light-house Board. In the last year or two, however, excellent courses in navigation, to be pursued and conducted by correspondence, as the student sailor moves around the world, have been afforded by reliable institutions, which guarantee to the learner from the most rudimentary principles to their most advanced applications, and at the same time give him a thorough acquaintance with the most recent signal codes and practical details of sailing. A sailor's life would seem to afford the leisure necessary for the prosecution of such a line of study, and its inauguration opens up new possibilities for the ambitious and earnest worker.

BIRD ITEMS.

No bird of prey has the gift of song. The smallest humming-bird weighs twenty grains. In all tropical countries the vulture is the natural scavenger.

All birds that live on seeds are furnished with strong gizzards. Wild birds do not sing more than eight or ten weeks in the year.

It is estimated that one crow will destroy 700,000 insects every year.

In Athens, four hundred years before Christ, a pair of peacocks was valued at 2,000 drachmas, or about \$20.

The stork has been known to perch in the flames of a burning house rather than to desert her young. The secretary bird, in attacking venomous serpents, uses the wing as a shield and the other as a club.

The nightingale always begins his song softly, like a well-trained orator, and gradually swells to a climax.

The smallest egg is that of the tiny Mexican humming-bird. It is scarcely larger than a pin's head. The peacock is found in a wild state in India, Ceylon, Madagascar, and many other parts of Asia and Africa.

The robin is always the last bird to go to bed in the evening. Its eyes are large and it can see well by a dim light.

The swiftest bird is the kestrel, or English sparrow hawk. It has been known to achieve a speed of one hundred and fifty miles an hour.

The largest egg is that of the ostrich. It weighs three pounds, and is considered equal in amount to that of twenty-four hens' eggs.

The rook is the only bird that repairs his nest in the autumn. The same birds use the same nests year after year, and just before migrating they touch up their nests and put them in order for the winter.

A SKIN OF SILK.

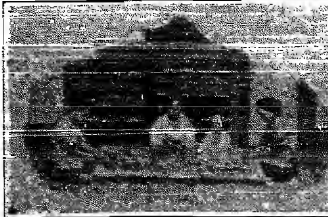
It might be thought that with his silk-worms busily spinning, that no further peril could stand between the silk-raiser and the reward of his long, painstaking labor. As a matter of fact, however, a most uncertain stage of his industry has just set in—liabilities to mishap still confront him. If two worms should decide to work upon a co-operative plan and spin together, the result would be a double cocoon, impossible to wind off; again, the enclosed chrysalis may develop with abnormal quickness and cut its way out of the cocoon, thus destroying the thread; or, the silk-worm parasite, bred in the intestines of the worm from eggs of the web-fly that had been eaten with the mulberry leaves, may develop in the chrysalis and destroy the cocoon; frequently, too, the worm dies while in the spinning stage, and imperfect and light-weight cocoons are the result. It may be safely said that, on an average, from every hundred spinners not more than forty perfect cocoons can be obtained. Yet the remaining sixty are not wholly useless. The Japanese silk-grower works



Feeding Worms After Fourth "Casting."

up all the different varieties of cocoons unsuitable for reeling into gross-silk, which can be spun and used in the manufacture of coarser fabrics.

Perfect cocoons reserved for reeling are exposed to the heat of the sun, or are steamed in order to kill the pupae, and are then reeled off into hanks ready for exportation to Europe and America. Much complaint has been made in the past over the careless way in which the Japanese reapers have done their work, but of late years a steady improvement has been noticeable. At the present time Japanese raw silk ranks next to that of France and Italy. The old-time unweariness of thread has almost entirely disappeared under the instruction of foreign experts in silk-reeling and the introduction of improved machinery. Large reeling establishments have been set up under Government auspices, the number of people turning their attention to silk-growing is rapidly increasing, and there is no reason why, with increased carelessness and knowledge upon the part of all concerned, and honest and business enterprise among the native merchants, Japanese silk may not only equal the best European products, but also, by reason of the greater cheapness of labor, hold the leading place in the market of the world.



Fishing Cocoons.

CHINESE PROVERBS.

The straightest trees are the first felled.
Love of gain turns wise men into fools.
Life is a journey, and death a return home.
It is better to suffer an injury than to commit one.
The people are the roots of the State; if the roots are flourishing, the State will endure.
While silent, consider your own faults, and when speaking, spare those of others.
A discontented man is like a snake who would swallow an elephant.
The house wherein virtue abounds will rise; that in which pleasure prevails will fall.

RESULT OF FORGIVENESS.

A soldier in the garrison town of Woolwich, who was an incorrigible offender, upon whom every sort of punishment had been tried in vain, was again brought up for trial. He had nothing to say, except that he was sorry for his conduct. The colonel concluded a few appropriate remarks by saying: "We have resolved to forgive you."

The sentence was so new that the soldier broke down at once. "Forgiveness" was entered opposite the charge made against him in the record. He was never after known to be guilty of a fault. Mercy triumphed.

THE BIBLE IN TURKEY.

A cablegram from London contains the information that the Sultan of Turkey has yielded to the representations of Sir Nicholas O'Connor, the British Ambassador at Constantinople, and withdrawn the prohibition of the sale of Bibles in the streets of Uskub, in Macedonia. It will be remembered that the Turkish authorities dropped the sale in the streets of Uskub of the Bibles issued by the British and Foreign Bible Society. This is a satisfactory termination to the incident. The Sultan of Turkey rules over the Ottoman Empire, which consists of territories in Europe, Asia, and Africa, all more or less under his sway. There is in these countries a large population of different nationalities, mostly Mohammedan, in their religious belief.

It is an important concession for the Sultan to agree to the sale of the Bible in any part of his dominions, and must result in a distinct gain to the cause of Christianity.

A JAPANESE SOLDIER'S PRICELESS POSSESSION.

A pathetic incident of the Russo-Japanese war is recorded. After a fierce encounter with the Russians, the Japanese gathered together the bodies of their slain for decent interment, and among them was an officer named Kageyama.

On searching the dead man's clothing, a little book, soaked with water and blood, was found, which proved to be a copy of the Gospel of St. John, given to Kageyama in London by Miss McLean, when he visited England as one of the crew commissioned to take out the battleship Mikasa.

He never parted with the volume, studying it diligently, and as a souvenir of the heroic officer, it has now been returned to the donor.

THE MUSTARD SEED.

Three years ago a Mohammedan merchant from Timbuktu went for trade to the English settlement of Bathurst on the Gambia River. Someone gave him a text-card in Arabic. The next year he traded again in Bathurst, and asked for the book from which that wonderful text was taken. When the Bible was shown him he bought it and went away. The third year the merchant came to Bathurst and bought eighteen Bibles for friends who wanted the book. Now the British and Foreign Bible Society is arranged to open a Bible depot in Timbuktu—the synonym in all the Sahara for Mohammedan exclusiveness and fanaticism.

GOOD NEWS FROM PARIS.

French Salvationists are delighted with the news that in May, 1905, we shall (D.V.) possess new Headquarters in Boulevard des Italiens. The dismal, out-of-date hall and offices in Rue Auber, though near the Grand Opera, have long since called their usefulness. But who would have expected that the Army would be able to secure, at a reasonable price, a commanding site in this famous boulevard?

What the Struggle is to London. New Street to Birmingham, Argyle Street to Glasgow, the Boulevard des Italiens is to Paris. Theatres, variety houses, shows, huge hotels, cafes, restaurants, and high-class shops abound. On Sunday night it is probably the busiest and most crowded thoroughfare in the world. And in a few months the blood-and-fire flag will be waving there! Again we say: Praise God! For the lease is potential of the salvation of hundreds of souls.

Our work in France is not—and will not be for years—self-supporting. We have, therefore, to proceed carefully there with the allotment of money for administrative work and buildings. Then office accommodation in the centre of Paris is expensive. It is rare that there is any to let; and pre-emption is a factor to be reckoned with. The victory is significant—all the more so because the Army has taken the lease from a Jew, who, though objecting to our religion, acknowledges the good we are doing, and cheerfully agrees to allow us to put up any signboard we choose outside.

The religious rage, has been for nearly unanimous.

In Wales the noise has exalted and those of London are in reports and sympathetic.

(Extracts from the

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THE WELSH REVIVAL.

FROM THE POINT OF VIEW OF THE SECULAR PRESS.

The religious revival, originating in a village, has been fostered and encouraged by a nearly unanimous press.

In Wales the newspapers, with one accord, have exalted and helped the movement, and those of London and the provinces have, both in reports and comments, been uniformly sympathetic.

(Extracts from the South Wales Daily Post.)

How different was the reception first given to the revival which culminated in the Salvation Army—that surprising organization with vigorous off-shoots in all parts of the world.

It would seem as if the vindication of General Booth's propaganda, by practical work of recognized value, had induced a general desire to avoid the repetition of a mistake—as if in the interval the determination had penetrated all classes to offer a fair field of action to every effort, designed for the uplifting of humanity, and for correcting the gross materialism, which is the most distinctive tendency of the age.

The effect of the altered public attitude may be discerned in the ready tolerance and sympathy extended to the religious revival. Not that the latter escapes entirely either the criticism of the thoughtful, sensitive to apparent extravagance in speech or action, or the gibe of the laugher.

But, as Macaulay once remarked, "It is not from the laughers alone that the philosophy of history is to be learnt."

The critical are not builders. The attitude of intelligent and educated opinion generally is not antagonistic.

It apprehends and makes allowances for some possible ill-effects, but believing that these are likely to be small compared with the good, is prepared to give the revival full and free scope for action.

Any influences that promise to reduce the number of drunkards, promote the comfort and happiness of individuals and families, and minimize the materialism reducing humanity to the level of the beast, and to restore idealism to the public mind, and encourage strivings after the higher life, should be strengthened, not stifled.

The same journal gives lengthened descriptions of some revival scenes witnessed at Pentre. Continuing, we read:

The congregation, though it contained a number of old people—whose tear-stained cheeks indicated the fervor and faith which sooner, rather than later, would be subjected to the last crucial test—gave the impression of being predominantly youthful. The singing had unmistakably the qualities of youth and freshness.

Quickly mastered was one secret of the success of the revival.

It is the democratising of religion. Everybody, irrespective of worldly status, stood on the same level.

Prayer and praise and exhortation had passed from the pulpit to the people.

To every individual present was allowed the right to offer prayer, or testimony, or sing a solo, or start a hymn.

Democracy was in control. The leader himself yielded it ready obedience; encouraged it to exercise authority.

Of eloquence, in the accepted sense of the term, there is none.

Wherein lies the unquestionable impressiveness?

It is the language of the street, the pit, and the workshop.

It has the supreme merit of being understood.

The speaker teaches the heart direct by means of a language 'understood by the people.'

Some of the more pointed arrows of this

plain-spoken Gospel of salvation are given thus:

"Pray God to bend you. The first time there is stiffness in the joints, but once bent, with what ease the process is repeated."

"Acceptance of Christ means happiness on earth; it robs death of its terrors. One casting as the soul takes flight, and after death there is heaven, with joy eternal."

In such setting of truths there is no attempt at continuity or order. Yet they impress. The speaker is so obviously sincere, his confidence is so complete, his creed so simple.

"Accept Christ, put aside your past, hold to a good life, read the Bible regularly, and resist the devil."

Beyond this there is no dogma, but a conviction pressed home as if no doubt existed that Satan is a real personality, persistently striving to overcome the good instincts in every heart, and Christ an Omnipotent Presence, eternally contemplating and participating in the struggle between good and evil."

Then follows the catechizing of the congregation—those for Christ openly invited to range themselves on His side, those against Him to be equally frank.

Singing and praying continue. Wondrous scenes when men and women voluntarily went forward and kneeled in the "Sed Fawr," seeking mercy and salvation.

Then the chapel empties itself. As the people file out at one gate, a long line is forming in queue fashion at another, so as to secure places for the evening service.

Rising Revival Tides.

The graeious outpouring of God's Spirit upon many and diverse fields of labor still continues, and marks, we believe, an epoch of soul-saving which must materially help forward the coming of God's Kingdom upon earth.

In England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland our comrades are bestirring themselves to take advantage of the rising tides, by the creation of new and extraordinary measures to make men think of their soul's salvation, and urge upon them repentance and conversion on the spot. "The burden of souls" is resting upon officers in a greater degree. They break down in their own gatherings. Their spiritual groanings and longings are almost too sacred for words.

Some spend all nights in prayer. One woman-officer rose from a sick bed, and went to the hall, kneeling in agonizing prayer at every bench in the place, for the revival of her corps. Glory be to God, it came that night! Other two officers were seized, as it were, with the spirit of weeping. This affected the soldiers, who, unknown to their officers, assembled in the hall one night and spent the greater part of it in prayer. The next day the "time of singing of birds" arrived.

Hard corps are becoming soft. At one place the sanctified daring of one little Scotch lass was crowned with a crowded hall, and the salvation of notorious sinners.

At Blaينا (from whence came originally dear Mrs. Bramwell Booth) the Spirit of God struck our little corps with cyclonic-like effect.

A resemblance of the present awakening to the apostolic is the spirit of initiative that has possessed many officers and soldiers.

They do not wait for orders. Knowing what God expects of them, in consideration of the measure of each one's opportunity, they act.

The fire burning within them compels it. Whether through the meetings or through personal and house-to-house visitation, God is working.

Mrs. Staff-Capt. Ellis, who, on hearing of the revival, volunteered to leave home for a fortnight, and do anything she could to fan the flame, had a soul-stirring time. She and the Adjutant went forth into a sick-ridden district, from door to door, preaching Christ and calling sinners to repentance.

HOW THE REVIVAL STARTED.

At a small place in Cardiganshire, where little or no religious enthusiasm has been noted for considerable time, a young man endowed with the Holy Ghost came to speak.

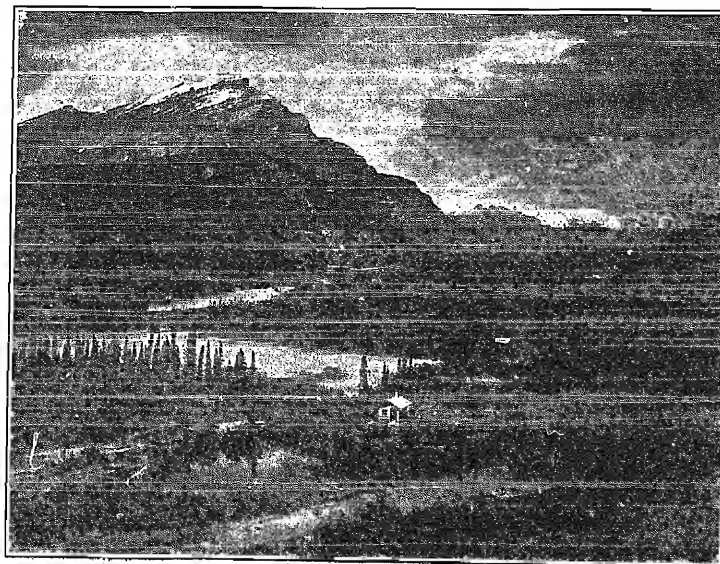
He poured out his soul in a heart-burning message, and at the close asked those who would confess the Lord Jesus as their Saviour to rise.

A long and oppressive pause was the response.

Again he repeated the invitation. Another pause, apparently cold and indifferent. Then a young girl rose to her feet.

"If no one else will, then I must say that I do love my Lord Jesus Christ with all my heart."

The ice was broken. Sobs and prayers and confessions of past unfaithfulness were heard all over the chapel, and the fire spread, and has been blazing ever since.



Cascade and Stony Squaw Mountains, Banff.

WAR CRY

PRINTED for Thomas B. Coombs, Commissioner of the Salvation Army in Canada, by the Western Press, Toronto, the North Western States of America, and Alaska, by the Salvation Army Printing House, at Mount Desert, Toronto.

All manuscripts to be written in ink on by typewriter, and on both sides of the paper only. Write name and address plainly.

Advertisements referring to the contents of THE WAR CRY, contributions for publication or on pages, require to be in or names referring to subscribers, deposit and change of address, should be addressed to THE EDITOR, S. A. Temple, Toronto. All Canadian Post Office and Express orders should be made payable to Thomas B. Coombs.



Promotion—

Lieut. Ella Beckingham to be Captain.
Lieut. Greenslade to be Captain.

Appointments—

ENSIGN JARVIS, furlough, to Ingersoll.
ENSIGN R. CREGO, Sarria, to Aylmer.
ENSIGN RANDALL, Montreal to Gananoque.
ENSIGN J. ANDREWS, furlough, to Bridgetown.
ENSIGN GREEN, Inverness, to Halifax I. (2nd).

THOS. B. COOMBS,
Commissioner.



THE RUSSIAN MASSACRE.

Our thoughts recoil in abhorrence from the atrocious scenes which turned a St. Petersburg Sabbath into a holiday of hell. Thousands of men, women and children mostly defenceless, and without serious provocation, to be shot down with cold deliberation seems a strange tale in this year of grace. Yet it has happened. What the extent of it all may yet be is a picture even more horrible to conjure up in our imagination. Our sympathies are with the people of Russia, and on their behalf our prayers should ascend to God, that out of all this present entanglement good may come, and rightness triumph.

THE STARVING MASSES

As a counter act to the bloody revolution in Russia, we call attention to the peaceful revolution led by our beloved General. And a revolution is needed to relieve the acute suffering in the richest of the world's cities. Ten thousand homeless, starving men walk the streets in London. At last the populace is waking up to the fearful condition of its poor, and men are coming forward to relieve and help the situation. It is pleasant to read of the latest S. A. Shelter and Food Depot opened, the initial cost of which was defrayed by one individual with a heart in the right place. We recommend our readers to peruse the report on page 5 of this number.

Latest from the Commissioner

(BY WIRE.)

Magnificent Finish of Western Campaign at Fargo. Officers' Council was a beautiful and spiritual time. Splendid crowd at night listened with great attention to Commissioner's burning utterances. Thirty-one souls captured for Christ. All well.—Lieut.-Colonel Gaskin.

Mr. Honey, who runs the Salvation Army limotype, attended his grandfather's funeral recently, who, at the advanced age of ninety-four years, had the misfortune to fall down some steps, which injured him so severely as to cause his death.

Triumphs of the Pacific Province.

PUBLIC RECEPTION AT SPOKANE DEPOT — THE COMMISSIONER'S AUTOMOBILE WAR CHARIOT—SPOKANE AND HELENA TOTAL SIXTY-SEVEN CAPTURES.

The Commissioner was publicly welcomed on Tuesday at the Spokane Railway Depot by the Mayor and the President of the Chamber of Commerce, who spoke ably and with appreciation. An illuminated procession was formed, the Commissioner riding in an automobile war chariot. City was stirred. Officer's council was a season of great spiritual uplifting. Wednesday, barracks crowded; a glorious meeting followed. We had some remarkable conversions. Commissioner carried baby while its mother came to the mercy seat, the husband following. Thursday, the beautiful Elks' Temple was filled despite inclement weather. Representative ministers and prominent gentlemen eulogized the Army's work in their speeches of welcome to distinguished visitor. The Commissioner delivered a thrilling address, which resulted in the capture of fifty-eight souls.

Helena.—A grand meeting here resulted in nine prisoners for the Kingdom.

Lieut.-Colonel Gaskin.

(Later.)

Bute campaign glorious victory. The soldiers' council on Saturday was a powerful time. On Sunday the spacious auditorium witnessed great crowds; it was literally packed with people at night. Commissioner spoke with great force and inspiration, commanding utmost attention and striking conviction. Everywhere the enemy's power is mightily evident. The Commissioner's audiences were, however, wonderfully moved. Twenty-eight souls knelt at the mercy seat. Glory to God!

Lieut.-Colonel Gaskin.

A BIG BREAK AT RIVERDALE.

Twenty Surrenders During a Visit of Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire.

Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire, accompanied by Capt. Nellie Coombs, the Commissioner's elder daughter, and Captain DeBow, spent Sunday at Riverdale. Ensign and Mrs. Howch had made wide announcements, consequently a great time was realized. A splendid congregation gathered in the morning, in the afternoon the barracks was nicely filled, while at night the place was packed.

Wonderful conviction rested upon the meetings all day and amidst shouts of praise twenty captures were made—twelve for purity and eight for pardon, as well as two Candidates secured.

The Colonel spent a most enjoyable time with the juniors in the company meeting, which is now under J. S. S. M. Mrs. Cairns, one of the best junior singers in the Province.

Capt. Coombs' Bible readings were most convincing and enjoyable. The Colonel and his aides received a very pressing invitation to return quickly.

A NEW EDITOR FOR NEW ZEALAND.

Staff-Capt. Blaskett, who has rendered long and able service to the Army's printing and editorial work since 1880 in Australia, has been appointed to the Editorship of the New Zealand War Cry. This comrade served in a like capacity in that colony some years since.

The Staff-Captain and Mrs. Blaskett and family left Melbourne on Wednesday, Dec. 14th, for Christchurch.

SALVATION ON 'CHANGE.

Clement Smith, who is familiarly known on the stock exchange as "Salvation Smith," on account of his stout championship of the work of the Army, had the distinction of doing the largest business on London 'change the other day.

His efforts, however, were not on his own behalf, but in the service of the Salvationists, for whom he meted a considerable sum of money. He submitted cheerfully to much chaff and not a little horse play, but he sang hymns and went from market to market and a perfect shower of coins.

When he arrived at the American section he received a regular ovation. He poured forth his thankfulness in further hymns of praise, and received an extra large contribution towards the funds of the Army.

FROM UNCLE SAM'S DOMAIN.

Commander Eva Booth was at Philadelphia on New Year's Day, where she conducted two great meetings in the Casino Theatre. Forty-three souls came to the cross.

♦ ♦ ♦

Commissioner and Mrs. Kilbey conducted powerful soul-saving united watchnight services at Chicago, on the same day.

♦ ♦ ♦

Arrangements have been completed for the buying of a Provincial Fresh-Air Camp for women and children in West Newton, Mass. The property bought has eighteen spacious rooms, with 20,000 feet of land. It is in bad repair, but Colonel Evans says he will soon get the carpenters and painters well at it, and expects to have by the summer a most commodious, thoroughly well-equipped Fresh-Air Camp.

♦ ♦ ♦

The S. A. sheltered 61,639 men in our cheap hotels in San Francisco during the past year.

♦ ♦ ♦

An encouraging work is being carried on in San Quentin Penitentiary. During last year 156 meetings were held, attended by 180,000 convicts; 200 professed conversion; 9,600 War Crys were distributed gratis, and 28 prisoners were cared for after they came out.

♦ ♦ ♦

The Rescue Home for fallen women in Frisco is continually crowded to its utmost capacity. There are at present forty girls and children in the Home, and of those who have passed through seventy-five per cent, are considered to be satisfactory cases. Negotiations are now pending for the acquiring of another large property, to be used as a Maternity Home, a much-needed institution.

♦ ♦ ♦

Our well-known old Canadian friends, Adj. and Mrs. Steele, have recently taken charge of the Naval and Military Home at Devonport.

Before them is a grand opportunity, for in the three sister cities of Plymouth, Stonehouse, and Devonport, separated only one from the other by bridges, a great population of both naval, military, and civil, are in good touch with the Army, and patronize both the numerous corps and Social institutions which are situated amongst them.

♦ ♦ ♦

Lieut.-Colonel Mapp, of the Foreign Office, is visiting Berne, Stockholm, and Copenhagen on official business.



BRANDON'S DAY A FESTIVE ONE—NEW RESCUE HOME AT CALGARY OPENED—A COLD OPERA HOUSE BUT FIFTEEN SOULS CAUGHT THE FIRE—A MIDNIGHT SOLDIERS' COUNCIL—THE LAST LONG STRETCH TO THE COAST—VANCOUVER'S WELCOME.

BY LIEUT.-COLONEL GASKIN.

En Route for Brandon.

Early Tuesday morning the Commissioner, in the crowded car, redeemed the time by having a final word with each officer who had come to the station to wish him God-speed; and prayed with them ere leaving the city.

"You must be very weary, sir," suggested one.

"A little," smilingly the Commissioner replied, "but I shall soon be all right."

No sooner had the train started than his voluminous correspondence received close attention, while the dictation book rapidly filled up under the deft fingers of Capt. Coombs.

Adj. E. Hayes, and her Lieutenant, also Ensign Mercer, had the benefit of a few words of counsel ere they detrained at Portage la Prairie. Each gave a good account of their particular branch of work.

Lieut. Plester and several soldiers, bound for Brandon, came on board at Carberry. The Commissioner had a little chat with each, and elicited the cheering intelligence that three souls were saved on Sunday.

Fifty-one below zero is fairly cold. This was indicated on the thermometer as we passed MacGregor, and we were cheerily informed on reaching Brandon that the weather was chilly, the mercury showing 45 below in the early morning.

Brandon's Banquet.

The officers and soldiers were jubilant over the Commissioner's visit. Faith ran high for a big time in spite of very heavy counter attractions. Staff-Capt. Taylor, who accompanied the party, was here, there, and everywhere. Hurrying sisters in white aprons were flitting around. What did it all mean? Why, just this, a banquet was being prepared, at which the soldiers were about to welcome Canada's Commander-in-Chief.

It was a most daintily-arranged function; lavish provision had been made to tempt, if necessary, our appetites. It was a jolly time.

Everybody in first class spirits, and brimming over with happiness.

The Brandon corps gave the Commissioner a loving welcome, expressed as only Western people can. While the comrades were finishing supper the Commissioner arose amid much volleying and delivered a most beautiful and practical address. His hearers soon forgot the banquet in the richer feast with which the Commissioner was repaying their affection and esteem, the most eager attention being given to every word.

It will be seen how well the comrades turned out, there being seventy-two soldiers on the roll, and seventy-three sat down to the banquet, one of whom being a recruit.

Welcome Demonstration.

The counter attractions, mentioned earlier, did not make any perceptible difference to our attendance. When he stepped upon the platform the Commissioner was greeted with an unbounded outburst of clapping by a splendid audience, which completely filled the large Citadel.

The preliminary part of the service was piloted by the General Secretary, during which Capt. Daisy Coombs sang and spoke, and Adj. Byers, on behalf of the corps, and Staff-Capt. Taylor, for the North-West Province, delivered affectionate addresses of welcome.

These over, the Commissioner, alert and smiling, stepped forward amid a hurricane of hallelujahs and volleys. He warmly thanked the soldiers and friends for their generous reception, prefacing his remarks with a few reminiscences, some of which related to the city of Brandon, to the intense pleasure of his hearers.

His address had in it a great purpose, which rang like a clarion note through every sentence. Burning truth leaped from our dear leader's heart in fiery torrent, carrying with it deep conviction of sin. One poor fellow sat in tears from the very commencement of the address, and was the first to respond to the Commissioner's appeal. He came forward with seventeen others, some for pardon, others

for purity, and while someone poured into the sewer outside the whiskey which the poor fellow had given up, he found mercy through the blood.

It was a grand time. Brandon soldiers were delighted and greatly rejoiced over the penitent form results. Many more should have yielded, the spirit of conviction was so powerfully upon the meeting.

"Eighteen isn't bad," said the Commissioner at the close, "but we ought to have had more."

Adj. and Mrs. Byers ably provided for the temporal comfort of the party. After a few short interviews and a snatch of supper, the Commissioner prayed God's blessing on Brandon, on the officers and soldiers, and for a mighty revival all over the Territory. Ready hands seized the baggage; near the midnight hour, we sallied forth in the biting cold to the station, accompanied by a crowd of soldiers and officers, with whom the Commissioner again prayed on the train, before we resumed our journey westward.

In spite of the incessant meetings, interviews, and war office business, the Commissioner keeps well and strong, as do also his daughter and the humble—General Secretary.

En Route to Calgary.

Wednesday was spent in close attention to business in the car. Ensign and Mrs. Lacey, bound for the B. C. Coast on a short furlough, helped to relieve the pressure a little by their generous enquiries regarding the Commissioner's comfort and well being, not forgetting, of course, "the party."

At Moose Jaw Adj. Wakefield rushed on board, and from him we learned of successful meetings at Calgary and Medicine Hat with the moving pictures.

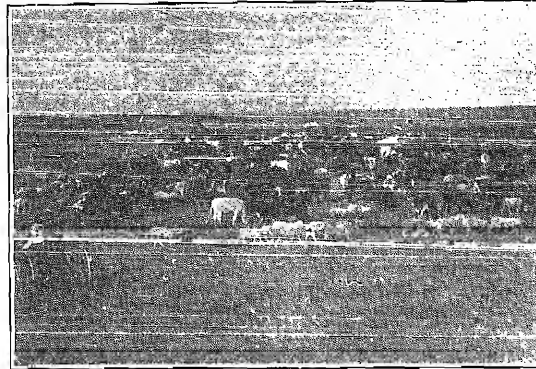
Here, also, we learned of a wonderful case of conversion, which took place the previous night, when a long-standing backslider sought and found God. A deputation of soldiers handed the Commissioner a petition for an early visit to the corps. Officers and soldiers were cheered by the kindly words which the Commissioner spoke to them.

Ensign Southall earned great gratitude from the party for the very excellent cup of tea and bread and butter she brought to the train at Medicine Hat. We learned that the corps was on the up-grade and souls were coming to God.

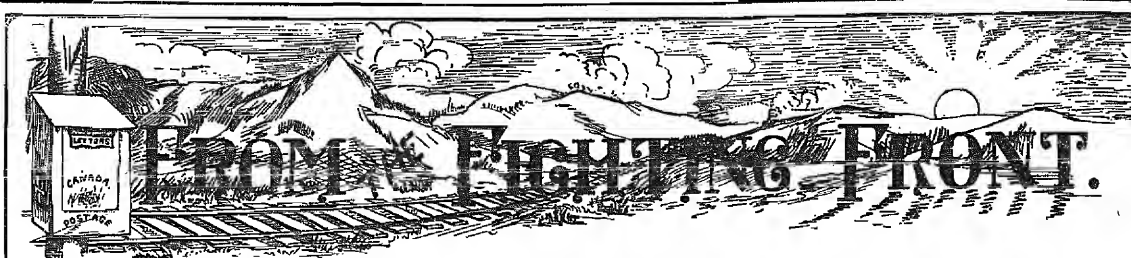
(Continued on page 12.)



A Manitoba Farm (near Brandon).



Stock Ranch of the Great North-West.



OUR FORCES ARE STORMING SATAN'S STRONGHOLD.

The Pacific Province Caught the Fire—20 Souls at Spokane—21 at Bellingham—30 at Portage la Prairie—19 Juniors Sought Christ at Feversham—Recently 38 Souls Converted at Paradise Sound, Nfld.—On, On, and Still On!—There Must be No Slackening of Our Faith and Work.

Newfoundland Province.

Six in the Fountain.

Tilt Cove.—Since last report some glorious times we have had, and God has been working in a marvelous way. Souls have been converted, the devil defeated, and we've been able to shout victory through the precious blood. Sunday night our hearts rejoiced when six precious souls claimed salvation. Lieut. LeDrew, who has labored in our midst for some length of time, has gone to take up her appointment at Morton's Harbor. Lieut. Cave is her successor. We had a visit from Happy Father Pynn and some more comrades from Jackson's Cove. Father Pynn is as happy a man as you ever met. He's just as lively as ever. Sunday's meetings were red-hot times.—H. D., Corps-Cadet.

In for Victory.

Rocky Harbor.—Capt. Cummings has taken charge. We had Lieut. Woolfry with us for a little while. Farewell orders came from Headquarters to leave and go to Bonne Bay. We were sorry to part with such a good officer, but we have one to fill his place. While the Lieutenant was here we saw a number converted. We had a special meeting here Monday night which was very interesting to us all, led by Lieut. Woolfry. We also had with us Capt. Cummings and Capt. Hesterling, from Bonne Bay. We are in for victory this winter by the grace of God.—Harriet Shears, Cadet.

Thirty-Eight for Salvation.

Paradise Sound.—One wanderer has returned home. Thank God we are having victory. Capt. Sparks took charge of the corps on the 4th of November. He is doing a good work. We have had thirty-eight forward for salvation and sanctification. On New Year's Day we had eight recruits enrolled. We are believing for good times this winter. God is going to bless us. The Adjutant is a blood-and-fire Salvationist, and we are more than ever going forward to fight beneath the Yellow, Red, and Blue.—P. M.

A Hallelujah Wedding.

Greenspond.—We are still alive and fighting for God. On Thursday we had a hallelujah wedding. The bridal party made its way to the front. Adj. Hiseock read the Articles of Marriage and Color-Sergt. Nathan Osmond and P. S.-M. Louie Jerrett stepped to the front and were made one. The bride was supported by Capt. S. Smith, and the groom by Mr. Alfred Boorne. May God's richest blessing rest upon the bride and groom.—Esa Esa.

The Eastern Province.

Blood-and-Fire.

St. George's, Ber.—"Blood-and-Fire" is the motto of our corps. During the past year we have proved that God has been with us and blessed our labors. Many precious souls have been gloriously saved, and are to-day fighting as blood-and-fire soldiers under the dear old flag. Praise the Lord. We have had quite a number of changes in our officers; they have gone to other parts of the vineyard, but through it all Jesus is just the same. His power to save is just the same. We have a very striking trophy of God's power manifested in our midst of late. A young lad who had grown up from infancy under the influence of drink, and who had been partially silly from its effects, has been gloriously saved. He came to the penitent form many times, but the devil always defeated him. About three months ago he came out again, and we believe that he found what he was seeking. Since that he has proved that salvation not only applies to the soul, but it makes a man out of one. May God keep him true. On Thursday night we had Ensign and Mrs. Hudson, the officers of the District, and the Bermuda Band with us. We had a grand meeting. God came very near and blessed us in the salvation of two precious souls.

We have entered in the New Year with a greater determination than ever to fight for precious never-dying souls in the ranks of the Army. God bless our teachers.—Yours in His service, Frank Kelly, Corps-Cadet.

Full of Faith.

Somerset, Ber.—We are pleased to say that matters here are pushing ahead. We are still enjoying the smile of the Saviour in this corps, although the devil is working hard upon the hearts of our congregations, but we plainly see that God is working mightier than he. On Christmas we had our children's jubilee and Christmas tree, which went off O. K., especially when Santa Claus appeared on the scene, and found presents for old and young. Everybody was well pleased on New Year's Eve. As usual, we had our watch-meeting; the crowd was excellent.—Frederick Wilson.

Two Souls Saved.

Reserve, C.B.—Staff-Capt. McLean has been with us with the moving pictures, which gave much pleasure. We have also had a visit from Capt. W. White, who travels for the Trade Department. The Captain spent Christmas Day with us. That night an ex-soldier returned to the fold, and is getting along well. The Tuesday before another prodigal returned to the Father's house. Ensign Leadley, with magic lantern, and Capt. W. White, with gramophone, were with us on Wednesday. Our soldiers' meeting last night at the quarters, was a wonderful time, when hindrances and barriers were swept away by the flood-tide of power. One or two who have stepped aside have returned, and still "there's more to follow."—Yours for the Kingdom, C. Reeves, Capt.

War Cry Hustlers and a Word of Praise.

North Sydney.—Wonders will never cease. Sergt. Chislett, known a few years ago as our hallelujah nightingale, has entirely given up solo singing and started to sell more War Cry than any other member of the corps. He succeeded, but our brave Capt. Melkie gave him a tremendous tight squeeze when she started on the Christmas number. He failed to show up for three consecutive meetings, still we have faith to believe that he'll rally all right again in time. The Canadian Christmas War Cry has surpassed every other previous number. Field officers, local officers, soldiers, one and all, congratulate you, Mr. Editor, on the Christmas War Cry. Truly it has grown to be the grandest religious newspaper under the sun.—Treas.

One Soul.

Summerside.—Glad to report victory. Although our numbers seeking God are not so large as at some corps, yet we praise God for the little things and we are going in for greater. Our Christmas and New Year's meetings were good. One soul decided for God the commencement of the New Year. Two others decided to become soldiers, and were enrolled last Tuesday at a special meeting which Ensign Percy conducted. The soldiers are in good spirits, and intend to make the New Year the best they ever knew.—Hurrah Mac.

Seven Backsliders Reclaimed.

Hamilton, Ber.—After enjoying much of God's presence at the open-air New Year's Day we proceeded to our hall, where we had an enrolment of recruits. Eleven dear comrades took their stand for God and dying souls under the Yellow, Red, and Blue. We were also favored with the presence of our American friend. The Ensign has been here resting. At night she kindly consented to take the lesson, and proved a great blessing to us all. The hall was crowded to its utmost capacity. There was much conviction, backsliders were aroused and made to think of their broken vows to God. We had a hallelujah wind-up, with six backsliders kneeling at the mercy seat. On Monday night the meeting was conducted by two of the bandmen, who did their best to make the meeting a blessing. At the close one dear brother, who had fallen by the wayside, returned to the fold. (Please don't write on both sides of the paper.—EJ.)—R. C.

Central Ontario.

God is Keeping His Soldiers Fighting.

St. Catharines.—Thank God our corps is marching on, and in the face of wintry weather we are still proclaiming the glad tidings of great joy. Capt. and Mrs. Pynn has formed a songster brigade, which we feel will be a great blessing to our work. We were pleased on Sunday, the 8th, to have with us Ensign and Mrs. Banks, who assisted us nobly in the fight and encouraged us to fight manfully on. Monday night was the crowning time of all, when we had a second visit of our beloved D. O., Adj. Habkirk, and such a night! There was a real blizzard on, and as we marched the streets and heard the Adjutant sing about going to the Army, we thought he surely has the fever, to come out in such a storm as this. The inside meeting was a real, spiritual, musical treat. Such songs he sang about the Army and the flag that stirred every soldier's heart with pride for the dearest flag that flutters in the breeze to-day, the glorious flag of Calvary that proclaims liberty to sin-bound slaves. After the meeting we all took part in a banquet, where full justice was done to the good things which had been so generously provided by comrades and friends, of which we have not a few. We all say, "Come again, Adjutant; you are always welcome to St. Kitts."—Bandman D.

Nineteen Juniors for Salvation.

Feversham.—We are neither dead nor sleeping. Our Christmas tree a grand success, Christmas Cry sold, and we have lately had nineteen juniors out for salvation. (How is it the Young Soldier Editor did not hear of this?) Ensign Bloss lately paid us a visit and spent a week-end with us. We are always glad to see the Ensign; although not very big he is mighty for the right. We had a very close call to being burned out while the Ensign was here. If you never saw anyone pack a valise in a hurry get the Ensign to show you the way he did it here. God is blessing, and by His strength we will have the victory. So says—Slim.

Salvationist Elected Councillor.

So, Ont.—During the Christmas season our band went serenading on behalf of corps and band funds, and called upon some of the citizens of the So, who received them very kindly, and helped financially, which cheered the band boys' hearts. We have had good meetings all week. Sunday afternoon Bro. Rose and our own Bandmaster (Sec. Chatton), who have been elected councillors for Stection, gave us a nice little talk, while Band Treasurer Clurridge favored us with a solo. Bro. Howton read the lesson for us. Our Sunday night meeting was a good one, and we believe God spoke to many hearts.—J.

East Ontario & Quebec.

Two Backsliders Return.

Smith's Falls.—It is just about nineteen months since the Army opened fire in Smith's Falls, and now we have thirty-eight soldiers. On Thursday night last we had a musical festival and pound meeting—we had a glorious time. Souls are getting saved every week. Two backsliders have returned, and God is still speaking to the hearts of the unsaved. We are believing for sweeping victories.—One who was there.

Special Appreciated.

Newport.—We have had a visit from Ensign Edwards, with his lantern service. We had a good crowd and everyone thought it was grand. Our G. B. M. Agent, Bro. Ward, is quite a hustler. He reported a good sum for this quarter.—Sec. Webster.

The Children Enjoyed Themselves.

Barre, Vt.—We have just had a visit from Ensign Edwards, the Financial Special. We all enjoyed his visit very much indeed. The service entitled the Russo-Japanese War, was good, and enjoyed by all the crowd that was present. The next night we gave all the poor children of the city a chance to see the pictures and hear what was said about them, and they certainly enjoyed it. They clapped and cheered the Japs as picture after picture was thrown upon the canvas. It was good to be there. I am sure we shall all look forward to the time when the Ensign will visit us again, and I believe we shall see even greater results of his visit amongst us in the future. May God bless you all.—W. White.

West Ontario Province.

Chief Secretary at Windsor.

It is frequently said that "no news is good news," but I certainly believe that good news is better still, and, with that firm belief, I sat down to tell the thousands of readers of the good old Army paper, the War Cry, that Windsor corps is thriving—yes, thriving (last Colonel Jacobs or Brigadier Hargrave)—spiritually, numerically, and financially. An excellent band, good crowds, collections splendid. Our Sunday meetings are, as a rule, well attended, especially in the evening, when it frequently becomes necessary to seat our friends in the aisles. Souls are coming to Jesus. Soldiers are seeing and realizing the great need of being "all out for Jesus," resulting, of course, in the defeat of our common arch-enemy, and the up-building of Christ's Kingdom on earth. Glory to God. On Monday evening last we had a visit from Colonel Jacobs and Brigadier Hargrave, and while we all felt that it was a rich treat to be present and see and hear our talented leaders, we felt at the same time a regret that we did not have them with us on Sunday or for another night or so. Brigadier led a short, lively testimony meeting, and then gave way for the Colonel, who was received with a vociferous volley and clapping of hands. The Colonel spoke, perhaps, for three-quarters of an hour on sanctification, or, in other words, the baptism of the Holy Spirit, as taught and beautifully brought out in the Acts of the Apostles. Rapt attention was given while the Colonel gave to his hearers a simple, lucid, and comprehensive talk on this all-important and New Testament-taught subject. Showing that all believers in order to be used of God, must be sanctified, and, further, that sanctification means simply to be and to do, just where and what God wants you. His comprehensive little talk was certainly appreciated, for at the close not less than twenty-five precious souls—saints and sinners—knelt at the Saviour's feet, to be made what God Almighty willed they should be. Hallelujah! At the opening the Brigadier said that Colonel Jacobs would have been here often had he been invited, when the audience responded by a hearty standing invitation to come again, and gave in collection \$5. Amen.—Yours in the war. Armor-Bearer.

He Says Farewell.

At the close of Colonel Jacobs and Brigadier Hargrave's meeting in Windsor, on Monday evening last, a faint whisper was busy among soldiers and friends that our Adjutant was to say farewell a week from Sunday next. This sounded very much like a funeral knell, but Adj. Walker is a "good Walker," and it ain't the distance he goes, but it will be his absence from Windsor S. A. meetings that will be felt, for he has been among us now for upwards of eighteen months, and his name has become a household word in Windsor, and all can truly say Windsor's loss will be some other corps' gain. May God be with him and family until we meet again.—J. F. V. A.

Twelve Souls.

Essex.—Glorious week-end. From start to finish the power of God was made manifest. Soldiers fought till finish and God rewarded our efforts by seeing twelve precious souls seeking salvation. We are in for victory.—L. A. Pattenen, C.O.

Twenty-Five Souls.

London.—Still the fire burns. We reported twenty souls out last week for holiness and salvation. This week we had twenty-five souls out for holiness and salvation, up to last night (Sunday). There is a general wake-up. Crowds are coming in. Some old soldiers are getting the fire. The War Cry, we are glad to see, has got the revival flame. Glorious news in it. That revival page in the last issue ought to stir the whole country up for a mighty soul-saving move. Amen! That is it, good old War Cry; set us all on fire. We are having a real, red-hot salvation week this week. We hope to put a few more nails in this devil's coffin.—Yours in for war, Kendall.

Very Much Appreciated.

Goderich, Ont.—Here we are again. Just had a visit from our new D. O., Adj. Sims, and to say we had a good time, is putting it altogether too mild, for we had one of the best times even known in Goderich. Everybody delighted with service. "Through Haunts and Jungles of Darkest London," by E. Sims, for two full hours there was hardly a move in the audience of 130 people, they were so interested. In the afternoon the Adjutant showed pictures of Bible characters and talked to the children, and they thought it was just grand. I guess if you had heard them clap and cheer (perhaps you did); you would have thought they enjoyed it, too. There were over 200 children present. Now then, our next treat will be Ensign Poole, our G. B. M. Agent. A good time is expected then. Watch the War Cry for reports from Goderich. Wonderful things are, and will be, taking place here. We are believing for souls, and doing our best to win them. To God we give all the glory. Amen.—O. Carter, Lieut.

An Enrollment.

Guelph.—Our farewell gatherings have been most inspiring. Our leaders, Capt. and Mrs. Clinansmith, have said good-bye. They set us an example of patience and perseverance in their work for the Kingdom. God's blessing is our hearty desire for them. An enrolment of soldiers closed their stay here. We feel grateful to Brigadier Howell and Staff-Capt. Manton for their visit and valuable effort.—Sergt.-Major Albert Vass.

North-West Province.

Eight Souls.

Carberry.—Since last report we have been going on to victory. Four brothers recently came to Jesus. They are still standing true, praying, testifying, and in other ways revealing a changed life. A sister converted just after last report was enrolled with them by our new D. O., Adj. Byers, of Brandon. We have been having powerful meetings. We are expecting a great revival here in Carberry.

"Come, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire,
Let us Thy quickening prove;
Source of the old prophetic fire,
Spirit of burning, come."

We feel this is what we need, and in this prairie town we want this burning fire of the Holy Ghost, to purge, to cleanse, to sanctify as us soldiers; then, like a prairie fire it must go on, and on, until sin is conquered. We had two young women come to the penitent form on Saturday, 7th inst., and one on Sunday, thus making eight conversions since our officers have been here (Capt. S. J. Flaws and Lieut. Plester). Our soldiers are working. Great interest is being taken in the J. S. work. God bless the children. (Increase your Young Soldier order.—Ed.)—Jas. W. Stamp, J. S. Sergt.-Major.

Thirty Souls Saved.

Portage la Prairie.—We have just had Adj. and Mrs. McRae and Capt. Livingstone with us for the past ten days, and God has indeed made them a blessing to every heart. Adj. McRae was listened to very attentively, and Mrs. McRae captured the hearts of the Portage people with her sweet singing. All day Sunday the meetings were well attended. Although somewhat cold outside, yet it was all that could be desired in the hall, and before the wind-up at night we had the joy of seeing three precious souls. The following night ten more found the Saviour, making a total of about 30 since last report. Sol-

diers taking a deeper hold on God and the people are getting more interested, and altogether we are having good times. The work in this place is being rapidly pushed on under the able leadership of Adj. Hayes and Cadet Magwood, while the brass band does a very creditable service. Look our for big things.—Pat.

Married and Commissioned as Locals.

Jonestown, N.D.—Sister Eastman was married to Bro. W. E. Linton, at Fargo, on Dec. 28th. They were both commissioned as local officers in our corps on Sunday, Jan. 8th. On behalf of our soldiers your correspondent wishes to add that we were neither surprised nor disappointed as to the outcome of this affair. Truly we hope the Lord will bless them and make them a blessing to others. On Sunday, Jan. 8th, our locals were commissioned, and we are going on to attack the enemy, always in the name of the Lord.—Corps Correspondent C. Mariett.

Moving Pictures a Success.

Medicine Hat.—Still the good old chariot rolls along. Adj. Wakefield and Capt. Parker were with us for the week-end, and the Spirit of God was made manifest. Sunday, knee-drill was a time of blessing. Afternoon meeting one soul out for salvation. For the night meeting we went to the Opera House, as the barracks was too small. One soul. Monday night we went to the Opera House to see the moving pictures of the great Congress. Success? Yes, in every way. Number present, about four hundred. Finances, best in the Province for size of town. Well done, Medicine Hat. If shown again we would get a bigger crowd. Such expressions proves the pudding. God bless you, Adjutant and Captain; shall be glad to see your sweet faces again.—Mayflower.

Four Souls.

Minot, N.D.—We had a Christmas demonstration given by the children. The barracks was packed, and many were turned away. The people were so well pleased that part of it was repeated. Sister Sandburg and her two little girls, from Valley City, were with us. We enjoyed their visit very much. We held a watchnight service with good results—four souls at the penitent form, two for a clean heart and two for pardon. A midnight march followed. Our officers are in good fighting spirit. We are believing for many souls in the future.—A Soldier.

Pacific Province.

Eight Souls.

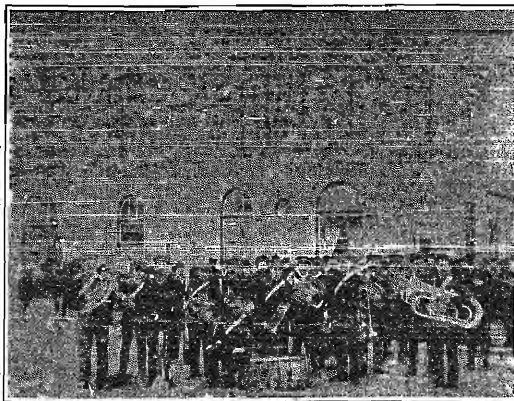
Mt. Vernon.—Brigadier McMillan with us. Had a glorious time. Wound up with eight souls in the fountain, and many more under deep conviction. To God be all the glory. Our earnest prayer is that God will abundantly bless the Brigadier, and give him many precious souls for his labor.—M.

Twenty Souls.

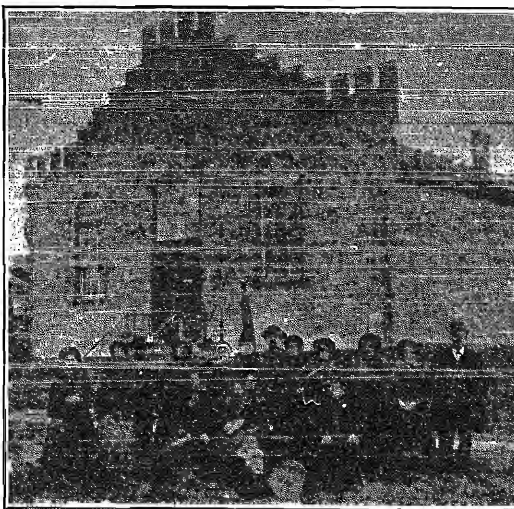
Spokane.—We are getting along well in every way in this city. Since Old Joe sent you the last report twenty souls have come to God, and many of the new converts will make good soldiers. Old Joe has been made J. S. Sergeant-Major, so you have a new report writer, and I will do my best for you. We had Ensign Shanley, the G. B. M. Agent, with us Thursday night. The hall was full. The platform is too small; so is our hall. We are marching on.—New Joe.

Twenty-One Souls.

Bellingham, Wash.—Did someone say the Bellingham corps was a dead concern? If so, please tell them that we are all out-and-out for God and souls; also that sinners are not only deeply convicted, but



Calgary Barracks and Part of Band Going to Serenade on New Year's Day, 1905, and Announce Moving Pictures.



Uxbridge Corps. Ensign Lott and Lieut. Boocook in charge.

that they are getting into the fountain, and having their sins washed away by the precious blood of Jesus. Since last report twenty-one souls have claimed deliverance from sin and the devil. Hallelujah! Last Sunday night four souls were captured for our God from the enemy, and on Monday night one dear sister came and made her peace with God. Many who before had resisted God's Spirit soon realized what further delay would, or might, mean to them, and several others who professed to serve God soon could see what a pure, clean, whole-hearted life would enable them to do for the Master. Personally leading the prayers, singing, etc., the Brigadier soon had the joy of seeing one, two, three, etc., until we wound up at 11 p.m. with fourteen souls for the night. Hallelujah to the Lamb forever! Singing "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow," we realized in a measure how bountiful and free God's goodness was, and closed the best meeting held here for some time at least. To God be all the glory. We are preparing to give our beloved Commissioner a rousing time, and each of us means to go in for souls, not only when the leaders are here, but all the time. Crys sold out all the week. Finances A 1, and all is well. More next week.—One who was there.



Captain Hawbold Lays Down the Sword for the Crown.

On Thursday, December 29th, at 4 p.m., death once again visited our Eastern Province, and has taken away one of our most notable officers, Capt. Hawbold, who, for the last year, has been laid aside from the front of the battle, which she loved so very much. The disease was consumption. It had been my privilege a number of times to visit the Captain. Knowing her as I do I cannot but speak highly of her—her godliness, her self-denying life, her interest for the war, and her never-failing courage for the salvation of souls, which was never displayed more than two hours before her death, when I listened to her pleading, only in a whisper, with a backslider who stood by her bed, to return to God, and assuring him of the comfort Jesus was to her at that moment. Her words of cheer have been a comfort to many. I feel sure on that great eternal morning many shall rise up and call her blessed. My husband and myself were at her bedside two hours before she passed away. We sang a number of hymns, but as we sang that good old hymn, "Nearer, my God, to Thee," in a whisper we heard her say, "Sing it again." We

did so. I rose up to say good-bye, and said, "We will come to see you again as soon as we can." But with her face lit up with joy, and a pleasant look, she said, "Captain, we are saying good-bye for the last time on earth; there is but one thread holding. When it breaks I shall be happy with Jesus." Her message to her comrades-officers was, "Tell them for me, I am glad I ever made a start to serve God. I have never been sorry for the day I knelt at the Salvation Army penitent form. Give my love to all the officers; tell them to meet me in heaven." She also desired a message to be given to the Stelarton corps, her last corps in command. "Tell them to be faithful, stand firm to God." On Sunday afternoon, at 2:30 p.m., the funeral services were conducted by Colonel Sharp, in the Methodist Church, at Waterville, this being the Captain's home. Her request was that the Colonel should bury her. The church was crowded to its doors. The Rev. Mr. Bond, in his remarks, spoke of the Captain previous to her leaving her home and becoming a Salvationist, and of her different visits to her home after becoming a Salvation Army officer, and of the many bright and cheerful testimonies that she used to give in his meetings for her God. Then followed the Colonel's reading from God's Word the words of the Apostle Paul, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith." The Colonel spoke of the Captain's love for her work, her devotion to the Army, its flag, and to her God. His words of comfort and sympathy to the family were touching and consoling as he urged them to meet the one who had gone on before in heaven, where death and sorrow never come. We then gathered around the grave and consecrated ourselves afresh to God and the flag, to live so that our end may be as hers—peaceful, happy, and contented.—Capt. S. M. Munroe.

TO MEET HIM IN THE MORNING.

Port de Grave.—Death has taken our comrade, Samuel C. Porter, to the country where sorrow and death are unknown. He was a faithful soldier for a number of years of St. John's I. Although often afflicted, he was never heard to complain, but trusted all things in the hands of Him who doeth all things well. A few months ago he returned to the home of his birth, to spend his last few days with his friends. It was my privilege to visit him often during the past few months, and I always found him with the strong faith in God. His last days were the best. His life has made a deep impression on the hearts of those among whom he lived. We gave him an Army funeral, which was his wish. Many tears were shed as the comrades and friends spoke of his life and death. We pray that God will comfort the bereaved ones, and help us to meet our comrade in the morning.—S. Sainsbury, Capt.

Commissioner in generous terms to Calgary, and spoke of the grand work the Army is doing in the large cities of the world.

The Mayor then introduced the Commissioner, who gave a very vivid description of the work of helping the friendless and fallen, concluded with an appeal for funds with which to carry forward the work, called attention to the fact that before the Home was officially opened three cases had been dealt with. One poor woman had been handed over to Mrs. Adjt. Adams in a condition pitiable beyond all description, and who was nursed and blessed until her spirit was called hence.

Mr. Cushing, the Treasurer of the project, next spoke urging the financial need of the institution. Mr. Cushing has worked most earnestly in the interests of the same.

The Rev. Dean Paget gave a very touching speech, in which he declared that no work lay nearer the heart of Jesus than that of saving the fallen. The Dean is a gentleman of deep sympathy, which was evidenced by the substantial financial assistance he has given.

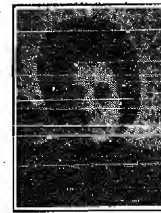
Rev Mr. Kerby (Methodist) was next called upon for a speech, which, although somewhat brief, was well to the point and denoted that his practical sympathy is with the Army in its undertakings. He promised on behalf of himself and his congregation all the help and support it was possible to give, and concluded by saying that in Eastern cities he had had frequent occasions to turn to the Army when he had had cases which were beyond his power to deal with, and had never been denied aid.

The Mayor then promised the support of himself and City Council, as far as lay within his power, both as a private citizen and also as Mayor of the city, to the new institution.

The Commissioner then thanked His Worship, the Mayor, for his able presidency of the meeting, and also thanked the gentlemen who had spoken, for their kind and practical sympathy. Thus closed a very useful gathering. The ladies and gentlemen then at their leisure passed through the Home, each grati-

FIRST CONVERT IN BOWMANVILLE PROMOTED TO GLORY.

Calgary.—On Wednesday morning, Jan. 4th, at 6:10 a.m., Catherine Stanton passed away a triumphant conqueror, saying, "I have fought a good fight." Dear mother had the honor of being the Army's first convert, in the town of Bowmanville, twenty-one years ago the 18th of March next, in the second meeting held in the Town Hall, and has been a Salvationist ever since. Whilst stationed around Ontario she used to be with us quite a bit of her time. But on our going West, nine years ago, the distance was too great, so she made her home with her daughter, Mrs. John Varcoe, in Bowmanville. After some years in the West we went to Newfoundland. Of course, that was too far; but returning shortly to Toronto for a time, she was soon with us at Leger St., and very shortly worked up a War Cry route. On our going to the West again she returned to Bowmanville, but on our way home from the International Congress she made up her mind to come on to Brandon with us, where she spent nearly three happy months, coming on to Calgary with us. Here, too, she worked up a War Cry route, and was doing well in every way. Her last week's work was her very best, selling no less than 200 Christmas Crys, and over 70 years of age. She took sick the following Monday, but we had no idea that her time was soon to come for heaven. She rallied for a while, and on Thursday evening, Dec. 29th, went down to the juniors' Christmas tree. She, however, took a relapse that night and gradually got worse until her spirit took its flight on the following Wednesday morning. She wished to be taken home to Bowmanville and have an Army funeral; planned everything out in a true Christian spirit. A beautiful service was held in the barracks (she wished it to be done). Some very touching tributes were given by several of the sisters who had been intimately acquainted with her. Her body was carried from the barracks to the station, headed by the band, at 11 p.m. It caused a great sensation, the bare attendants leaving their posts coming out doors to see and hear. A lasting impression made. At 1 a.m., Friday morning, my dear wife started on her long and lonely journey with the body of her dear sainted mother. May God comfort the bereaved ones and bring all to Himself, is the prayer of—Staff-Capt. Ayre.



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fied with the accommodation provided.

The house is entirely new, and there is accommodation for twelve inmates at a time. The premises can be further extended should necessity occur, the lot upon which the building stands being sufficiently large to permit this.

The response to the appeal for financial aid was extremely gratifying.

At the Calgary Opera House.

Although the night was bitterly cold, and the Opera House has the reputation of being difficult to heat, the Commissioner faced a fine audience, which almost entirely filled the large building.

The fine, fully-uniformed band led in the singing of the opening song, and also contributed a selection. Staff-Capt. Ayre and Mrs. Adjt. Adams welcome the Commissioner to Calgary in neat little speeches. Captain Daisy Coombs sang, and Staff-Capt. Ayre improved the occasion by telling a humorous story when asking for "the offering."

The Commissioner was right royally received as he came forward to speak, and secured the attention of his hearers from the first word to the end of his address, although the building was very poorly heated.

The Spirit of God mightily sealed our leader's efforts, and when his trenchant appeal was concluded, and our heads were bowed in prayer the first hand for mercy was soon raised.

Our hearts were gladdened by seeing fifteen men and women step into liberty, besides a number of others who stood to consecrate themselves to God while the Commissioner prayed for them.

Immediately at the close of this meeting we adjourned to the barracks, where the Commissioner held a soldiers' meeting. His tender, fatherly counsel will never be forgotten, and when an appeal for unsanctified ones to come forward for "the blessing" was given, four responded and came to the mercy seat.

The Commissioner's Western Tour.

(Continued from page 9.)

Calgary.

Staff-Capt. Ayre bade the Commissioner a hearty welcome to his city. The Commissioner, constantly reminiscent, recalled his first visit to Calgary, then a straggling town of wooden huts, now a splendid city with magnificent stone and brick structures, having an air of great prosperity and destined to become a large and important centre in the future.

In those early days our leader was generously entertained at the only hotel in the place, but with the added privilege of sharing a room with two drunks, who swallowed copious draughts of whiskey, and at the same time lovingly toyed with loaded revolvers. The Commissioner jokingly remarked that he had no objection to a sober man having a revolver, but he preferred to sleep with one eye open when a drunk handled the shooter.

Opening of the Rescue Home.

This important event is worthy of a report of its own, but owing to shortness of time and space a brief description must suffice. His Worship, Mayor Emerson, supported by Dean Paget, Rev. Mr. Kerby, Mr. Cushing, and others, ably presided. The parlor of the Home proved too small, the crowd overflowing into the hallway, the stairs and the dining-room. Mrs. Adjt. Adams, Ensign Kain, and the Lieutenant, looked very happy at such an auspicious beginning. His Worship, the Mayor, led in the singing of "When I survey the wondrous cross." The bandsmen, many of whom had managed to get off work for the afternoon, occupied the stairs, and led the singing with their instruments. Colonel Gasikin prayed. His Worship then gave a sympathetic and able address, welcoming the

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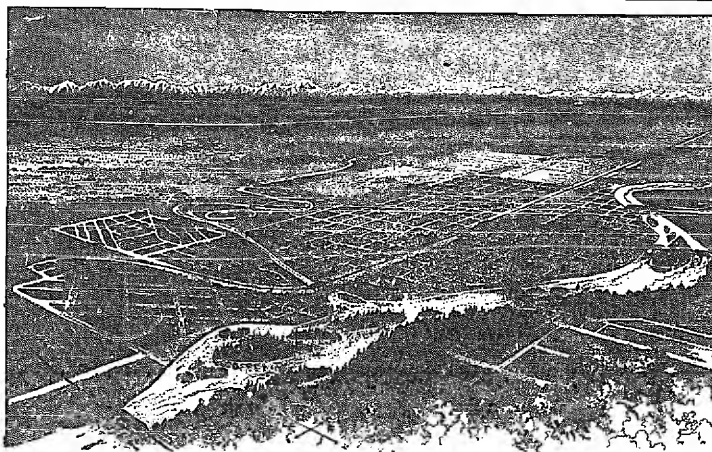
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Calgary, Alberta.

It was now nearing the midnight hour, but the Commissioner did not finish his long day's labor until each of the sixty-six soldiers who were present at the last meeting had been personally spoken to, and a parting handshake given. The next visit to Calgary will be eagerly looked for, and a big time will result.

The Last Stretch to the Pacific Coast.

Turning out to take train at 3 o'clock in the morning, with the mercury well below zero, can scarcely be called picnicing.

We had talked and dozed for two long hours after the Commissioner had finished his day's work, at the officers' quarters, to find out at the station that the train was late and we had a wait of an hour and twenty minutes. It was a weary looking group that boarded the train for the west at 4.25 a.m.

In the morning we found ourselves in the midst of the mountains. We fairly feasted on the majestic scenery of the Rockies.

At Laggan it was reported 35 below zero, but the morning was charming and the giant snow-clad mountains were superb in their rugged grandeur. At Field we detrained a

few minutes to attend to telegraph business and look around. At Glacier House we walked about for ten minutes, enjoying the exquisite beauty of the scene, the new moon shining up over the topmost peak of the gigantic glacier. It was slightly milder—only 9 below zero.

Late in the evening we reached Revelstoke, where we stayed ten minutes. Ensign May, Capt. Lloyd, and Lieut. Davidson, with a group of soldiers, heartily cheered our leader as he stepped from the train.

"The Salvation Army is a wonderful concern," said the Commissioner, to which we answered, "Amen."

The remainder of the journey was uneventful, except that an opportunity presented itself to enlighten several gentlemen who were deeply interested in the movement, regarding the extent and influence of the Army the wide world over.

We reached Vancouver at 12.30 on Saturday. The Commissioner received a great ovation from the crowd of Salvationists and officers, who were at the station to welcome him to the Far West.

Will This Mean a Russian Revolution?

Thousands of Workmen, Women, and Children are Charged by Troops, Shot at, Hundreds Killed, and Many More Wounded.

The news of the awful tragedy enacted in St. Petersburg on Sunday, Jan. 22nd, came like a bombshell to the world. That unrest was brewing was understood, that trouble might ensue was almost certain, but that these should assume a wholesale slaughter of many harmless people, without any adequate provocation, seemed incredible.

To understand the cause of the present disturbances we must look at the peculiar industrial organization of Russia, which is different from that of other countries.

The directing heads of the strike prove to be chiefly factory inspectors, whose positions have arisen through the process of developing the country's internal industry by the Government furnishing capital. The Government, through the Ministry of Finance, bought all the shares of factories formerly conducted by private firms or companies. Thus the Admiralty, the army, the railway, and postal departments own shares in companies which manufacture things which they utilize. The Ministry of Finance supervises this system. It appoints resident factory inspectors, who have generally encouraged progressive methods.

Meanwhile the friction between the Ministry of the Interior, including the Police De-

partment, and the factory inspectors has increased. The police had a share, appointing a foreman against whom the workmen felt the greatest bitterness.

Recently the Admiralty and the War Department ejected the factory inspectors, declaring that the industrial laws did not affect companies which they owned. This happened at the Putiloff works, which are owned by the War Department. It also became the habit to send immediately to the villages of their birth all employees who lost employment. This the factory inspectors under the Ministry of Finance failed to prevent, and the workmen regarded it as a final proof that the police ordinances of the Ministry of the Interior were above the law.

The inspectors then frequently conferred with the workmen, and began spreading a propaganda which is akin to advanced German Socialism.

The workmen of the Putiloff works finally formulated demands in harmony with their grievance, which were refused. A strike was declared, in which almost all other workmen joined, till every newspaper was compelled to suspend publication and all factories stood still. The electric light station had to be managed by soldiers to save the city from darkness.

The strikers were led on by Father Gopon, a young priest under forty years of age. He was born in Poltava in 1869, and is the son of a peasant. In his boyhood he herded geese and pigs, and friends of the family sent him to school, and afterwards to a seminary, where he studied for the priesthood.

When he was in the final class he was expelled for insisting on discussing the material conditions of the peasantry. Then he was a Zemstvo clerk until a young woman friend,

who was also a Socialist, urged him to seek to enter the priesthood, which he did under limitations which did not permit him to have a general pastorate.

He wrote a book on Christian Socialism, which the Government suppressed.

On Saturday Father Gopon sent the following letter to the Czar:

Sovereign,—I fear the Ministers have not told you the full truth about the situation. The whole people, trusting in you, has resolved to appear at the Winter Palace at 2 o'clock Sunday afternoon in order to inform you of its needs. If, vacillating, you do not appear before the people, then you will tear the moral bonds between you and the people, and trust in you will disappear, because innocent blood will flow between you and the people. Appear to-morrow before your people and receive our address of devotion in a courageous spirit. I and the representatives of labor, and my brave workmen and comrades guarantee the inviolability of your system."

On Sunday morning thousands of workmen assembled at various points. There was no attempt made to prevent the assembly, but troops of all arms swarmed into the city and formed up in the public square, especially before the Winter Palace, the destination of the strikers' procession.

About 12,000 men followed Father Gopon, who marched at their head, toward a thousand levelled rifles. When within speaking distance the procession halted.

Holding in one hand an ikon and in the other the petition, the priest said in a loud voice: "We are going to present a petition to the Emperor."

The colonel replied: "The road is barred."

Unheeding the almost certain death in the leveled rifles before him, the brave priest gave the order to march on. Instantly there was an order to fire, but it was a blank volley, and the whole column pressed on as though there was no obstacle in their path. Quickly came the second order to fire, and this time a hail of lead poured into the people's ranks. In that instant they changed from petitioners to insurrectionists. With a shout of rage the insurrectionists rushed forward to almost certain death. A desperate but uneven encounter followed until the crowd was dispersed, leaving hundreds on the street dying the snow with their blood.

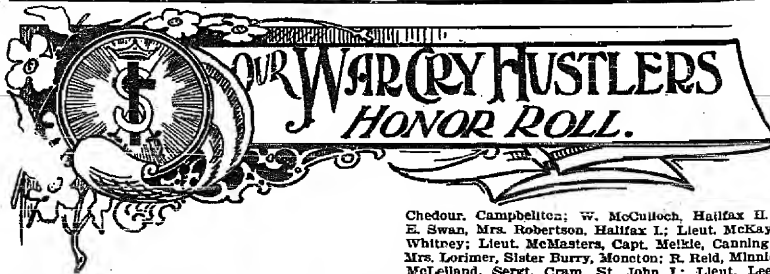
The crowds were charged simultaneously at several points. The Cossacks especially behaved brutally in their attack upon women and children, twenty-six of the latter being among the dead. But the most infamous act seemed to be a deliberate assault upon the dense crowd near the Winter Palace, which had assembled there since noon. About 4 o'clock the troops charged and slaughtered hundreds more.

The details are too horrible to describe—500 dead and 1,500 wounded are the smallest estimates; others go much higher.

The workmen have turned into revolutionists. They are said to have taken possession of a dynamite factory, and are reinforced by strikers from other places. Thirty to forty thousand armed strikers from Kolpino are said to be marching upon St. Petersburg, while barricades are being thrown up. Father Gopon miraculously escaped death. He was excommunicated from the Church for the part he took in the movement.

Alarming news of a Finnish and Polish uprising comes to hand. It is difficult to say whether we shall witness in the coming days a repetition of the French Revolution, or whether the immense number of troops prove loyal to the Czar, and annihilate the opposing forces of the working people. Yet, if the suffering millions of Russia rise and find a leader capable of organizing them, no army could stand before such a force, although it would mean a butchery too terrible to contemplate.

Let us pray that God, in His goodness, may so influence the ruling powers of Russia that a peaceful solution of the present complicated difficulty may be found, which would also mean the dawn of a better day for Russia's millions.



The Boom Editor is Thinking—Where is Newfoundland?—Long Absent—Shall we Ever See the Names of Our Hustlers from There Again?
—West Ontario Doing Splendidly.

The orbs of the Boom Editor are exceedingly large this week. His mind is actively engaged trying to solve the problems which demand extra activity of his fertile brain. He is first bewildered and then hopeful. Poor soul! Who will rise to the hour and relieve him of at least some of his perplexities?

Newfoundland! Words fail us. The Boom Editor, you can all plainly see, is on the point of distraction. He is in a deep study. Can it be the Newfoundland Provincial War Office is asleep. It looks much like it, and boomers from the Sea-Girt Isle have asked why their names do not appear.

The East, as usual, maintains its position. West Ontario does extra well this week, and we heartily congratulate our boomers there.

Eastern Province.

153 Hustlers.

Mrs. Beatty, Fredericton	300
Capt. March, Glace Bay	300
Capt. Murrough, St. John I.	185
Mrs. Gregory, Fredericton	170
Lieut. Clark, Chatham	165
Lieut. Dean, Sussex	165
Mrs. Cooper, St. John I.	160
Wallace Buntun, Springhill	150
Capt. Netting, Truro	140
Ensign Martin, Sydney	139
Lieut. Thistle, St. Stephen	138
Lieut. Richards, Sydney	130
Lieut. McKay, Sydney	120
Cadet Hardwick, Newcastle	120
Capt. Forsey, Chatham	105
Adjt. Cooper, St. John I.	103
Capt. Weasley, Bridgetown	100
Sergt. McFarlane, Sydney Mines	100
D. Martin, Glace Bay	100
Capt. Melke, North Sydney	100
Sergt. Chislett, North Sydney	100
H. Barnard, Eastport	100
T. Davis, Annapolis	100
Lieut. Ramey, Halifax I.	100
P. S.-M. Mrs. Casbin, Halifax I.	100
Capt. Long, New Glasgow	100
Sergt. McQueen, Moncton	100
Mrs. Chambers, Calais	100

90 and Over—Ensign Bowering, North Sydney; Capt. Stothard, Moncton; Treas. Young, Lunenburg; Ensign Green, Capt. Mercer, Woodstock; Capt. Backus, Yarmouth.

80 and Over—Capt. McDonald, Fredericton; N. Smith, New Aberdeen; Capt. Hogan, Campbellton; Ensign Campbell, St. John V.; Capt. Conrad, Digby; Sergt. Jackson, Calais.

70 and Over—Lieut. Berry, Kentville; Mrs. Armstrong, Houlton; Adjt. Wiggins, Halifax I.; Lieut. Luther, Louisburg; John Jones, Capt. Newell, Springhill; Capt. Brace, Sackville; Jessale Irons, Windsor; Capt. James, Sydney Mines.

60 and Over—Ivy Crosby, Glace Bay; Ensign Piercy, Charlottetown; Lieut. Selig, Westville; Capt. Greeneside, Sergt. Robinson, Amherst; Capt. Tatam, Whitney; W. Hargrove, Newcastle; Lieut. Moore, Reserve; Capt. Ritchie, Lieut. Falle, Liverpool.

50 and Over—Ensign Laws, Fredericton; Captain Hogan, Campbellton; Capt. McKenzie, New Glasgow; Gertie Allen, May Turner, St. John V.; Ensign Prince, Lieut. Wyke, Charlton; Capt. Basingthwaite, Lieut. Galway, Bridgewater; Capt. Cavander, Lieut. Grant, Clark's Harbor; Capt. McLealand, Dominion; Capt. Hebb, Stellarton; Sergt. Doyle, Halifax IV.; Capt. Legge, Bear River; Ensign Anderson, Truro; Cadet Crosby, Glace Bay; Bro. McInnis, Londonderry; Ensign Carter, Mrs. Carter, Yarmouth.

40 and Over—Sergt. England, Chatham; Sergt. Worth, Lena McCullum, Charlottetown; Sergt. Scott, Westville; Sergt. Hodson, Treas. Brown, Halifax II.; Alice Watts, Alice Hooper, Halifax I.; Sister Morrison, Houlton; Cadet Bragdon, Calais; Cadet Hazzleton, Lieut. Jones, Hillsboro; Lily Patrick, Captain White, Sergt. Armstrong, St. John III.; Candidate Simmons, Sister Wilkie, Lunenburg; Capt. McWilliam, St. Stephen; Beesie Sharpam, Windsor; Capt. McGillivray, Summerside; Ensign Clark, Sergt. Hatfield, Parrsboro; S.-M. McAlmon, Londonderry; Lieut. McWilliams, Bridgetown.

30 and Over—Mrs. Lyons, Fredericton, Captain Trafton, Kentville; J. Morrison, Glace Bay; Lieut. Taylor, North Head; Capt. Armstrong, Houlton; L.

Chedour, Campbellton; W. McCulloch, Halifax II.; E. Swan, Mrs. Robertson, Halifax I.; Lieut. McKay, Whitney; Lieut. McMaster, Capt. Melkie, Canning; Mrs. Lorimer, Sister Barry, Moncton; R. Reid, Minnie McLelland, Sergt. Cram, St. John I.; Lieut. Lee, Sackville; Lieut. Crowell, Jack Scott, Dominion; Mrs. Dakin, Capt. Dakin, Halifax IV.; Capt. Ogilvie, Lieut. Emery, Fairville.

20 and Over—J. Lyons, Mrs. Ross, Fredericton; R. Day, Glace Bay; Ola Boud, New Aberdeen; Beale Seaman, New Aberdeen; Ensign Piercy, Charlottetown; Mrs. Moore, Mrs. Curtis, North Sydney; John Justifison, North Sydney; Nelson, Lorimer, Howard Eaton, Ensign Miller, Westville; Ensign Allen, Mabel Smyth, Harry Simpson, Halifax II.; Lizzie Buntun, Wm. Price, Springhill; Sister Young, Lieut. Robinson, Lunenburg; Ensign Green, Capt. Speck, Monte Ladd, Inverness; Ellen Bushett, A. Hamilton, Windsor; Lieut. Harris, May Primer, Summerside; Capt. Elliott, North Head.

East Ontario Province.

74 Hustlers.

P. S.-M. Mulcahy, Montreal I.	200
P. S.-M. Dudley, Ottawa I.	175
P. S.-M. Snyder, Smith's Falls	135
Lieut. Thompson, Napanee	125
Lieut. Nelson, St. Johnsbury	117
Capt. Oldford, Ottawa I.	115
Capt. O'Neill, Burlington	110
Lieut. Morris, Burlington	110
Ensign Rose, Pembroke	109
Mrs. Ensign Bradbury, Brockville	100
Ensign Slater, Campbellford	100
Lieut. Cole, Quebec	100



Scenes in Warrycrom.

Sergt. Moore, Montreal I. 100

90 and Over—Mrs. Ensign Thompson, Ottawa I.; Sergt. Rogers, Montreal I.; S.-M. Stevenson, Picton.

80 and Over—Captain Lewis, Deseronto; Lieut. Miller, Prescott; Capt. Hicks, Sherbrooke; Mrs. Adjt. Jennings, Peterboro.

70 and Over—Mrs. Adjt. Cameron, Sergt. Thompson, Belleville.

60 and Over—S.-M. Perry, Kingston; Capt. Wood, Gananoque; Mrs. Ensign Clark, Cornwall; Captain Allan, Lieut. Osmond, Newport; Sergt. Hatcher, Montreal I.; Capt. Bushey, Kemptville.

50 and Over—Mrs. Staff-Capt. Perry, Mrs. Brown, Kingston; Capt. Owen, Picton; Lieut. Legge, Gananoque; Ensign Clark, Cornwall; Sister Schnell, Montreal I.; P. S.-M. Webster, Montreal II.; P. S.-M. Arnold, Ogdensburg; Lieut. Slater, Peterboro.

40 and Over—Capt. Alb. Lieut. Smith, Ottawa II.; Lieut. Thomas, Capt. Liddell, Trenton; S.-M. Harbours, Ottawa I.; Sergt. Armstrong, Montreal I.; Sergt. Wales, Ogdensburg; Lieut. Fulford, Sherbrooke.

30 and Over—Dad Duquet, Trenton; Adjt. Cameron, Belleville; Lieut. White, Brockville; Captain Phillips, Odesa; Sergt. Parks, Montreal I.; Sergt. Trom, Capt. Duncan, Montreal IV.; Mrs. Ens. Gillam.

20 and Over—E. Dixon, Dixon, Kingston; Sec. Jewell, Cand. Pinn, M. Clark, Picton; Sergt. Cochran, Belleville; Capt. Cook, St. Johnsbury; C.-C. Halpenny, Bro. Tallman, Ensign Crgo, Smith's Falls; Ensign Bradbury, Brockville; Sergt. Vancour, Sergt. Zennet, Montreal I.; Mrs. Capt. Coy, Capt. Coy, Sergt. Hippen, Montreal II.; Capt. Owen, Ogdensburg; Mrs. Pagenburg, Montreal IV.; Eva Stevenson, Peterboro; Miss Gillam, Benfrew.

West Ontario Province.

76 Boomers.

Lieut. Setter, Brantford 200

Mrs. Teft, Chatham	172
Capt. Horwood, Stratford	160
Capt. Cline-Smith, Guelph	145
Mrs. Adjt. Snow, Simcoe	136
Mrs. Ensign LeCocq, St. Thomas	130
Lieut. Carter, Goderich	116
Capt. Kichewen, Stratford	114
Mrs. Capt. Pack, Wallaceburg	106
Lieut. Simpson, Galt	100
Capt. Malsey, Tillsonburg	100
Capt. McLeod, Dresden	100
Mrs. Capt. Burton, Woodstock	100

90 and Over—Capt. Woods, Sergt. Garalde, London.

80 and Over—Ensign LeCocq, St. Thomas; Mrs. Capt. Fenauay, Stratford; Sergt. Proctor, London; Ensign Grgo, Lieut. Brown, Sarnia; Capt. Sharpe, Ingersoll.

70 and Over—Capt. Lighthourne, Seaford; Harry Walker, Windsor; Capt. Hippen, Kingsville; J. S. S.-M. McDonald, Wingham; Mrs. Capt. Sharpe, Ingersoll.

60 and Over—Capt. Boyd, Clinton; Capt. L. Pattenden, Essex; Capt. Young, Bothwell; Mrs. Harding, Brantford; Lieut. Waldron, Forest.

50 and Over—Lieut. Turner, Clinton; Staff-Capt. DesBriay, Brantford; Capt. Green, Palmerston; Lieut. Cunningham, Capt. Kitchin, Leamington; Capt. Fenauay, Stratford; Lieut. Matter, Goderich; Bro. Rutherford, London; Adjt. Sims, Mrs. Sergt. Bryson, Petrolia.

40 and Over—Capt. V. Pattenden, Essex; Captain Cook, Blenheim; Capt. Stover, Lieut. Duncan, Aylmer; Bro. Palmer, Sister Hodgson, London; Captain Thompson, Paris; Roy Cline-Smith, Guelph, Lieut. Gilbank, Paris.

30 and Over—Lieut. Askin, Seaford; Mrs. Capt. Kerswell, Listowel; Capt. Pickle, Blenheim; Mrs. Adjt. Sims, S.-M. Mrs. Blackwell, Petrolia; Edwin Wilson, Ingersoll; Capt. Rock, Wallaceburg; Mary Ball, Chatham; Sec. Gilders, Treas. Masterson, Hespeler; Capt. Thompson, Theford.

20 and Over—Bro. Musgrove, Wroxeter; Sister Brooks, Stratford; C.-C. Thompson, Sergt. Beck, Windsor; Capt. Kerswell, Listowel; Ruth Green, Grace Green, Palmerston; Sister Jones, Kingsville; Capt. Hore, Wingham; Adjt. Kendall, London; Sergt. Malcolm Currie, C.-C. Hollingshead, Petrolia; Mrs. Cline-Smith, Guelph; Sergt. Creswell, Lieut. Robinson, Hespeler.

Central Ontario Province.

66 Hustlers.

M. Crocker, Sudbury	175
Cand. M. Castle, St. Catharines	125
Lieut. Pascoe, North Bay	120
Sergt. A. Andrews, Temple	110
Ensign McCann, Soo, Ont.	100
Capt. Dauberville, Soo, Ont.	100
Capt. Capper, Dovercourt	100
Sergt. Major Moore, Riverdale	100
Lieut. Andrews, Owen Sound	100
P. S.-M. Jones, Huntsville	100

90 and Over—Adjt. Newman, Barrie; Capt. Meeks, Yorkville.

70 and Over—Sergt. Miles, Barrie; P. S.-M. Cornelius, Esther St.; Capt. Pynn, St. Catharines; Lieut. Luggar, Parry Sound.

60 and Over—Lieut. Jordan, Riverdale; Mrs. Capt. Calvert, Capt. Calvert, Orillia.

50 and Over—Capt. Lamb, Newmarket; Staff-Capt. McNamara, Owen Sound; Capt. A. Jordan, Gore Bay; Ensign Hoddinott, Mrs. Ensign Hoddinott, Midland; Mrs. Bowers, Liger St.; Sergt. M. Andrews, Temple; Capt. M. Currell, Chelvey.

40 and Over—Lieut. McMillan, F. Nelson Falls; Adjt. Bloss, F. Nelson Falls; Ensign Lott, Orangeville; Captain R. Richards, Orillia; Capt. Wadge, Burks Falls; Capt. Walker, Esther St.; Sergt. Major Brangan, Dundas; Capt. Bond, Fenelon Falls.

30 and Over—Adjt. Parsons, Mich. Soo; Lieut. Stimers, Burks Falls; Capt. Stolliker, Riverdale; Lieut. Bowcock, Orangeville; Sergt. Wingate, Staff-Capt. Coombs, Temple; Lieut. Hurd, Kilmount; Lieut. Plummer, Gore Bay; Bro. Tuck, Sergt. Major Caddell, Mrs. Adjt. Hyde, Llagar St.; Lieut. Meeks, Gravenhurst; Sergt. Major Calver, Sergt. Gibson; Capt. Stickells, Bowmanville; Capt. Meader, Capt. B. Sheppard, Brumpton.

20 and Over—Mrs. Ward, Barrie; S.-M. Elinton, Oakville; Ensign Howcroft, Gravenhurst; Lieut. Hurd, Kilmount; Sergt. Major Young, Newmarket; Lieut. Varnell, Capt. Jago, Aurora; Sister Ostrander, Yorkville, Bro. Hope, Owen Sound; Bro. Thompson, Mich. Soo; Mrs. Coombs, Sergt. Lizzie Bradley, Temple; P. S.-M. Heard, Kilmount; Elmer Canniff, Gore Bay; P. S.-M. Heard, Kilmount.

North-West Province.

49 Hustlers.

Slater Gray, Winnipeg	300
Lieut. Keeler, Winnipeg	216
Mrs. Byers, Brandon	150
Ensign Hall, Regina	140
Lieut. Pearce, Fort William	130
Capt. Irwin, Port Arthur	115
Adjt. Hayes, Jamestown	100
Lieut. Harris Medicine Hat	100

90 and Over—M.-S. Adjt. McHarg, Lieut. Smith, Prince Albert.

80 and Over—Mrs. Adjt. Stalgers, Grand Forks; Cadet Magwood, Portage la Prairie; Lieut. Miller, Graton; Mrs. Ensign Askin, Moorhead.

70 and Over—Jennie McWilliams, Winnipeg; Sergt. Mrs. Chapman, Winnipeg.

60 and Over—Louie Larson, Devil's Lake; Lieut. Russell, Mrs. Pike, Edmonton; Slater Collins, Winnipeg.

50 and Over.—Sister Porter, Sister Irvine, Calgary; Capt. Elliott, Neepawa; Capt. Flaws, Lieut. Piester, Carberry.

40 and Over.—Capt. Bouson, Capt. Lenwick, Moose Jaw; Bro. Ryan, Mrs. Rushbrook, Portage la Prairie; Mrs. Halford, Winnipeg; Lieut. Gardiner, Valley City; C. P. Hall, Laramie; Lieut. Oake, Selkirk.

30 and Over.—Adj. E. Hayes, Portage la Prairie; Cadet Mercer, Jamestown; Capt. Keamir, Minot; Sister Orr, Carberry; Ensign Kalne, Sister Forsythe, Calgary.

20 and Over.—Sister Adams, Sergt. Wilson, Winnipeg; Lieut. Henderson, Lieut. VanDusen, Bismarck; Rosie, Hollingshead, Adj. Stalger, Grand Forks; Capt. Davey, Lieut. Clement, Dauphin; Lieut. Reakin, Minot; Mrs. St. John, Minnedosa.

Pacific Provinces.

35 Hustlers.

Capt. Knudson, Victoria 200
Capt. Jones, Victoria 200
P. S.-M. Preston, Spokane 185
Capt. West, Vancouver 170
Lieut. Davidson, Revelstoke 160
Capt. Travis, Fernie 125
Lieut. Rickard, Fernie 125
Mrs. Adj. Dowell, Helena 120
Mrs. Ensign Dowell, Great Falls 100

80 and Over.—Sister Scadden, Everett.

70 and Over.—Mrs. Allan, Billings.

60 and Over.—Capt. Allan, Billings; Adj. Dean, Nelson; Sister Wright, Whatcom.

50 and Over.—Capt. Papstein, Nelson; Mrs. Capt. Johnston, Bellingham; Cand. Riley, Revelstoke.

40 and Over.—Mrs. Capt. Baynton, Capt. Lewis, New Westminster; Sergt. Moody, Vancouver; Adj. Nelson, Rossland; P. S.-M. Holston, Bellingham.

20 and Over.—Sister Mercer, New Westminster; Bro. Johnston, Vancouver; Small Youngstrom, Capt. Long, Lieut. Bushnell, Spokane; Bro. Kestler, Everett; Bro. Britt, Rossland; Bro. Porter, Victoria; Capt. Quant, Sister Darts, Missoula; Capt. Moore, Capt. Croser, Mount Vernon; Sister Hawkins, Great Falls.

Territorial Training College.

24 Hustlers.

Cadet Leadman, 66; Cadet Manson, 64; Cadet Clark, 50; Cadet Gilkinson, 41; Cadet Griffiths, 41; Cadet Norman, 39; Cadet Penny, 34; Cadet Meers, 34; Cadet Lazenby, 33; Cadet Elvin, 35; Cadet Gray, 35; Cadet Wakefield, 33; Cadet Bryon, 31; Cadet Morris, 30; Cadet Wayne, 28; Cadet Stockford, 25; Cadet Chatterton, 24; Cadet McWilliams, 24; Cadet Bowbrick, 23; Cadet Meredith, 23; Cadet Burchell, 22; Cadet Pollard, 22; Cadet Russell, 22; Cadet Friedrich, 21.

Klondike.

2 Hustlers.

Mrs. Sainsbury, Skagway (2 wks) 180

70 and Over.—Capt. Sainsbury, Skagway (2 wks).

Face allows her soldiers to cultivate gardens in any spare harrack ground, and to help out their rations by growing vegetables.

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#### DISEASES OF THE EYE.—(Continued.)

The change in the curvature of the lens is accomplished by the contraction of a muscle—the ciliary muscle. Whenever we desire to look at near objects this muscle contracts, causing the lens of the eye to become more curved. We are not conscious of the effort at first, nor are we aware that we actually change the form of the eye. This is done unconsciously, like so many other movements of the body. But after a time we become conscious that we are exerting an effort; thus, if we look at small objects for a time, if we read fine print, for example, our eyes become tired. This is for the same reason that the arm becomes tired after a long-continued muscular effort, or that the legs become tired after walking. Every muscle must be rested after it has worked a considerable time, and it indicates the need of a rest by the feeling that we call fatigue. So the eyes become tired after reading small print, simply because the muscle that keeps the lens in a proper state of curvature has become exhausted.

Another feature, which is common to the eye and to the photographic camera alike, is the arrangement whereby the amount of light entering the eye can be regulated—that is, increased or decreased as the occasion requires. The photographer regulates the amount of light which enters his camera by means of a black ring which he puts over the lens of his camera, thus shutting out the light from the edge of the lens, and permitting it to enter only through the middle portion. When the light coming from the object is very intense, it is necessary to put a black ring over the lens so as to shut out some of the light. This is what the photographer calls "stopping the lens." A precisely similar arrangement is found in the human eye. The colored ring in the front of the eye—the iris—is really a curtain, intended to regulate the amount of light which passes through the lens onto the retina. Whether blue, or brown, or black, it is so constructed that no light passes through the central opening in the iris—the pupil. Whenever the eye is exposed to a great light, the iris closes somewhat to make the pupil smaller, and thus permit less light to pass into the eye. Whenever the light is dim, on the other hand, the iris opens so as to let more light enter the eye.

This action of the iris in regulating the amount of light admitted to the eye, is like the action of the ciliary muscle, is an unconscious effort which may take place during sleep.

The closure of the pupil has yet another object, for, in consequence of the shape of the lens, it is necessary in looking at near objects, to permit the light to pass only through the central part of the lens; if the rays enter through the edges as well as the middle of the lens, the image formed on the retina is blurred and the individual sees indistinctly. Hence, whenever we look at near objects, when we

read fine print, for example, the pupil contracts quite markedly; if the eye be suddenly directed from near to distant objects the pupil increases in size—a change which can be plainly seen if we watch a person who suddenly changes his eyes from a book which he is reading to look at a distant object. This occurs quite independently of the amount of light that enters the eye; it is intended to increase the distinction of vision. A simple experiment will illustrate the value of this action of the iris in closing the pupil when we look at near objects. Let an individual close one eye, and holding a pin by its point between the thumb and the finger and bring the head of the pin within about ten inches of the other eye. He will now see the pin head quite distinctly. Let him bring it gradually toward the eye, gazing steadily at the head of the pin all the time. When it has been brought within a certain distance—usually within three inches of the eye—the image becomes indistinct—that is, the pin's head seems blurred. Let the person now take with the other hand a card with a pin-hole in it, and bring this card close up against the eye so that the pin-hole comes just in front of the pupil; upon looking through this pin-hole he will see that the pin head, which was blurred a moment before is now perfectly sharp and distinct.

This simple experiment shows how important the action of the iris is in enabling us to see near objects distinctly.

By looking through the pin-hole we accomplish the same result as if we closed the pupil to the size of the pin-hole, and are thus enabled to see distinctly where we could not see were the pupil large.



#### To Parents, Relations and Friends:

We will search for missing persons in any part of the globe; helped, and, as far as possible, assist wronged women and children, or anyone in difficulty. Address: Commissioner Thomas B. Coombs, 20 Albert Street, Toronto and mark "Missing" on the envelope. Fifty cents should be sent, if possible, in duty expenses. In case a reproduction of a photo is desired to be inserted with the advertisement, an extra charge of one dollar is made, which amount may be sent with the photo. Officers, clerks, and friends are requested to look regularly through this column, and notify the Commissioner if they are able to give any information about persons advertised for.

#### (First Insertion.)

4714. CLARK, ALBERT EDWARD. Age 24 years, height 5ft., dark complexion; mouldier. Left Apr. 1902, four years ago; was last heard of August, 1902, in Moyle City, B.C. May have gone to Spokane, Wash.

4718. BROGAN, WILLIAM. Age 29, medium height, dark hair, dark eyes, rather tall; occupation, coachman. Last heard of in Melior, near Blackburn, England. Is supposed to have come to Canada.

#### (Second Insertion.)

4683. HOLLOWAY, SYDNEY. 20 years of age, height 5ft. 6in., fair complexion, blue eyes, dark hair, slight drop in the top of his left ear. Butcher by trade. When he left England, on September 29th, he was wearing a dark brown suit, with fancy waistcoat; is supposed to have come to Canada.

4702. WRIGHT, PETER RUTHERFORD. Age 24 years, height 5ft. 9 or 10in., weight about 150 lbs., dark eyes, dark brown hair. Enlisted at the 3rd "R. C. R." Halifax, 1901. Regiment number 1309.

4703. McNALLY, JOHN. Any information of John McNally, or his family, would be gratefully received by his friends. McNally was a wagon-maker by trade. He has a brother Edward. Wife's name was Charlotte. Was last heard from fifteen years ago. May be living in or near Owen Sound.

4704. TEMPLE, WILLIAM. Age 33, height 6ft. 1in., dark hair and complexion, brown eyes, engineer by trade. Left England two and a-half years ago. When last heard from was at Rothwell, Man., working on a farm.

4707. ARBUTHNOT FAMILY. Information wanted of Samuel, Alexander, John, and Albert Arbuthnot, who came from England to Toronto between 1866 and 1870. Supposed to be all farmers.

4677. PETERSON, ANTONIUS FREDERIK CHRISTIAN. Age 22, medium height, red hair, blue eyes; laborer. Native of Birckwar, Denmark. Last heard from at Morse, Assa. Spoke of going to British Columbia.



4648. HILL, JOHN. Information wanted of John Hill, Englishman by birth, and is supposed to be living in Toronto.

4709. LOISEAU, REBECCA (nee Large). Age 33, rather small, dark hair and complexion, dark eyes. Formerly laundry maid. Her address twelve months ago was Montreal P.Q.



## To Our Bandmen

For some time we have received inquiries concerning making a cheaper line of Band Tunics than the

first-class makes we have always made up. In order to meet this demand in some measure, we are taking advantage of the slack month to give our Bandmen a good article at a cheap cost. Remember, this is not shoddy, nor factory made. At the same time, we advise our Bandmen to strain a point and secure the better article, if possible, as the wear of the red serge is so much more satisfactory, and the better garment is finished with Silk Sewing, Mohair Braid, etc., making a very fine garment in every respect. Those who compare our prices with England, or other places, should remember the difference in the material and make-up of the goods. We know whereof we speak when we state that for workmanship and material our prices cannot be beat—at least WHERE UNION WAGES ARE PAID, which is a principle with us, and our concern is well-

known to the labor organizations as being thorough in this respect.

### A SILVER-PLATED CORNET

Is an article desired by most cornet players. Knowing this, we have been endeavoring to get a First-Class Article of the Army Make at a reasonable cost. We consider we have succeeded when we can quote these at the following prices:

Besson Model, Silverplated ..... \$35.00  
Courtois Model ..... 40.00

As we have to get these instruments from England, orders should be sent in good time.

### PHOTOS AND PICTORIAL POST CARDS

Of Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs are to hand, which many old friends will be glad to learn. As we have only a limited quantity orders should be sent in at once.

Photos, Cabinet Size ..... 25c.  
Photos, Large Size, of Family ..... 50c.  
Post Cards ..... 2 for 5c.

Trade Secretary,  
S. A. Temple, Toronto, Ont.

# Songs of the Week

## THOUGH FOR YEARS YOU'VE MOCKED HIM.

### THE SAVIOUR'S WONDROUS LOVE.

Tune.—While the Days are Going by.

1 There's a love that changes never,  
Oh, the Saviour's wondrous love!  
Just the same to-day as ever,  
Oh, the Saviour's wondrous love!  
Just the same as when He died,  
With His arms extended wide,  
And the spear thrust in His side,  
Oh, the Saviour's wondrous love!

#### Chorus.

Oh, the Saviour's wondrous love!  
Oh, the Saviour's wondrous love!  
On the cross He died for me,  
Oh, the Saviour's wondrous love!

Oh, that love it reaches sinners,  
Oh, the Saviour's wondrous love!  
And it cheers the new beginners,  
Oh, the Saviour's wondrous love!  
How it calms the troubled soul,  
How it makes the weary whole,  
Oh, what wonders we behold  
In the Saviour's wondrous love!

Oh, that love has thrown wide open,  
Oh, the Saviour's wondrous love!  
Mercy's door to all creation,  
Oh, the Saviour's wondrous love!  
All the bolts and bars are gone,  
All are welcome through the Son,  
Oh, that all the world would come,  
Through the Saviour's wondrous love!

L. A. McAmmond.

### I CANNOT LEAVE MY SAVIOUR.

Tune.—Better Hide a Wee.

2 I cannot leave my Saviour dear,  
For once He died for me,  
For while on earth I have to stay  
He will my helper be:  
I love Him for His precious sake,  
To me He is no true,  
And by His help I'll labor on,  
His precious will to do.

#### Chorus.

I cannot leave my Saviour now,  
For once He set me free;  
For on the cross His blood was shed;  
That price He paid for me.

I need His help while here below,  
To bring lost wanderers in;  
A pardon, present, full, and free,  
He'll give, my precious King.  
It's worth you, while to live for Christ,  
While journeying here below;  
It's heaven begun, a joy untold,  
A heart as white as snow.

Anon.

Tune.—This is Why I Love Him.

3 Soul filled with condemnation,  
No more in bondage lie,  
Arise and claim salvation;  
Oh, why forever die?  
Eternal life, so precious,  
That priceless gift of God;  
For thee, on Calvary, Jesus  
Has purchased with His blood.

#### Chorus.

Though for years you've mocked Him  
And spurned His offered grace;  
Yet still He longs to save thee;  
Oh, do thy steps retrace.  
See Him there extended,  
See His torn and bleeding side;  
'Twas for thee He suffered,  
'Twas for thee He died.

Come home, come home, backslider,  
Thy Heavenly Father will  
Forgive thy past of failure,  
He freely loves thee still,  
This gracious invitation  
Accept as from the Lord;  
The joys of His salvation  
To thee shall be restored.

Redeeming grace is flowing,  
Its power each soul may prove;  
His mercy God is showing  
To those who seek His love.  
This blessed truth we cherish,  
Proclaim it far and nigh;  
God willeth none should perish,  
But dwell with Him on high.  
C. W. M. G., Moose Jaw.

### SWEET TO TRUST IN JESUS.

Tune.—Home at Last; Beautiful River.

4 Oh, how sweet to trust in Jesus,  
And to wait with Him each day;  
Oh, the joy and peace He gives me  
Since my sins are washed away.  
I have pleasure in His service,  
Perfect joy and rest so sweet,  
For my Saviour helps me daily  
To live humbly at His feet.

By-and-by, if I am faithful,  
To that city I shall go;  
I shall see my blessed Saviour,  
Who has washed me white as snow.  
I shall praise His name for ever,  
With the angels I shall sing:  
"Hallelujah! Hallelujah!"  
Glorv be to Christ, my King."

Sinner friend, the Saviour's knocking  
At your heart's closed door to-day;  
Oh, He's knocked, but still unheeding  
You have turned your Lord away.  
Listen now while He is pleading,  
To the cross for refuge flee;

## DRIFTING DOWN.

Words and Music by Adjt. W. R. Phillips.



On every side we see them, the careless and the bad; They make our hearts feel heavy, that otherwise are glad; Some are blood-

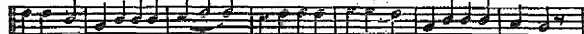


relations, and some are friends as well; But why should we disguise it? they're drifting down to hell.

#### Chorus.



"Jesus, Thou Son of David!" blid Barinacous cried, And others, too, have shouted, forgetting all their pride: "Jesus, Thou Son



of David!" should be your cry as well—No other name can save you from drifting down to hell.

Men laugh and are contented; they sport upon the brink;  
And if you start them thinking, they will not rightly think.  
They boast in disobedience, they say they are "quite well;"  
But God has shown us plainly they're drifting down to hell.

Some are professing Christians, but they deny the power  
Of God to save and keep them on earth, from hour to hour.  
Their sins are unforgiven; when asked they cannot tell  
If they are bound for heaven, or drifting down to hell.

For you now He's interceding,  
May from sin your soul be free.

Lieut. F. Boocock.

Tunes.—Now I Can Read (N.B.E. 54); Charming Name (N.B.E. 26).

5 My God, the spring of all my joys,  
The life of my delights,  
The glory of my brightest days,  
And comfort of my nights.

#### Chorus.

So we'll all stand the storm, for it won't be very long,  
And we'll anchor by-and-by.

In darkest shades, if Thou appear,  
My dawning is begun;  
Thou art my soul's bright Morning Star,  
And Thou my Rising Sun.

The opening heaven around me shine  
With beams of sacred bliss,  
For Jesus shows His mercy mine,  
And whispers I am His.

Fearless of hell and ghastly death,  
I break through every foe;  
The wings of love and arms of faith  
Would bear me conqueror through.

## COMING EVENTS

# COMMISSIONER COOMBS,

ASSISTED BY

## COLONEL JACOBS,

THE CHIEF SECRETARY,

Will visit the following places:

NEWMARKET, - - - Monday, Jan. 30.  
DOVERCOURT, - - - Thursday, Feb. 2.  
KINGSTON, - - - Sunday, Feb. 5.  
RICHMOND STREET, - - - Sunday, Feb. 12.  
TEMPLE, - - - Monday, Feb. 13.

(Commissioning of Cadets).

MONTREAL, Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 18, 19.

## BIOSCOPE TOUR.

Moving Pictures of the Great International Congress will be presented by Adjt. Wakefield, assisted by Capt. Parker, as follows:

North Bay, Monday, February 6 (Special Meetings Sat. and Sun., Feb. 4, 5), Hurk's Falls, Tues. Feb. 7; Huntsville, Wed., Feb. 8, Bracebridge, Thurs. Feb. 9; Gravenhurst, Fri., Feb. 10; Midland, Mon. Feb. 13 (Special Meetings Sat. and Sun., Feb. 11, 12); Orillia, Tues. Feb. 14; Barrie, Wed. Feb. 15; Collingwood, Thurs. Feb. 16; Meaford, Fri., Feb. 17; Owen Sound, Mon., Feb. 20 (Special Meetings Sat. and Sun., Feb. 18, 19); Warton, Tues. Feb. 21; Palmerston, Wed., Feb. 22; Listowel, Thurs. Feb. 23; Wingham, Fri., Feb. 24.

## T. F. S. APPOINTMENTS.

Ensign Blose.—Parry Sound, February 4, 5, 6; Huntsville, Feb. 7; Gravenhurst, Feb. 8; Midland, Feb. 9; Lindsay, Feb. 10; Fenslon Falls, Feb. 11, 12, 13; Kilmount, Feb. 14; Norland, Feb. 15; Haliburton, Feb. 16; Omemee, Feb. 17; Bowmanville, Feb. 18, 19, 20; Oakawa, Feb. 21; Hamilton, Feb. 22; Hamilton II, Feb. 23; Dundas, Feb. 24; St. Catharines, Feb. 25, 26, 27; Oakville, Feb. 28; Aurora, March 2, 3; Newmarket, March 4, 5, 6; Barrie, March 7; Stroud, March 8; Temple, March 9; Yorkville, March 10; Riverside, March 11, 12, 13; Lippincott, March 14; Fether St., March 15; Edgar, March 16; Dovercourt, March 17, 18, 19.

Ensign Poole.—Palmerston, Feb. 4, 5, 6; Drayton, Feb. 7, 8; Guelph, Feb. 9, 10, 11, 12; Heepeler, Feb. 13, 14; Galt, Feb. 15, 16; Brantford, Feb. 17, 18; Paris, Feb. 19, 20; Tillsonburg, Feb. 21, 22; Simcoe, Feb. 23, 24; Norwich, Feb. 25, 26; Woodstock, Feb. 27, 28; Ingersoll, March 1, 2; London, March 3, 4.

Ensign Edwards.—Peterboro, Feb. 2, 4, 5; Campbellford, Feb. 6, 7; Millbrook, Feb. 8, 9; Malvern, Feb. 10.

Ensign Leadley.—Campbellton, Feb. 4, 5; New castle, Feb. 6; Chatham, Feb. 7.